



*The Effigies of the Lord Digby  
Son and Heire to the Right Honble  
John Earle of Bristol*



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Son and Heire to the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
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# ELVIRA:

OR,

The worst not always true.

A

# COMEDY.

---

Written by a Person of Quality.

*Lord Digby.*  
*Anonymous.*

---

Licens'd

May 15.

1667.

*Roger L'Estrange.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by *E. Cotes* for *Henry Brome* in  
Little-Brittain. 1667.

ELVIRA

The world's most famous

COMEDY

Written by S. J. L. & J. L.

London

1880

Printed by J. L. & J. L.  
London

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PERSONS.

Don Julio Rocca. *Brother to Blanca.*  
Don Pedro de Mendoza. *Father to Elvira.*  
Don Fernando Solis : *In love with Donna*  
*Elvira.*  
Don Zancho de Menezes : *In love with*  
*Donna Blanca.*  
Fabio : *Servant to Don Fernando.*  
Fulvio : *Servant to Don Pedro.*  
Chichon : *Servant to Don Zancho.*  
A Page.

WOMEN.

Donna Elvira : *A beautiful Lady, Don*  
*Pedro's Daughter.*  
Donna Blanca : *A Lady of a high Spirit*  
*Don Julio's Sister.*  
Silvia : *Elvira's disguised Name, when she*  
*was put to wait upon Donna Blanca.*  
Francisca : *Donna Blanca's Woman.*

SCENE VALENCIA.

1580

Don Julio Roca

Don Pedro de la Cruz

Don Fernando Gola

Elvira

Don Xandio de la Cruz

Donna Dora

Fabio: Secretario

Enlito: Secretario

Chichon: Secretario

A Paga

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

Donna Dora

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Donna Dora

# ELVIRA,


OR,

The Worst not always True.

ACT. I. SCÆNE. I.

The Room in the Inn.

*Enter Don Fernando, and at another door his servant Fabio, both in Riding Cloashes, Booted.*

*Don Fer.*  Ave you been with him *Fabio*, and given him  
The Note?

*Fabio.* I found him newly got out of his bed, (pris'  
He seem'd much satisfied, though much sur-

With your arrival, and as soon as possibly

He can get ready, hee'l be with you heer.

He says, he hopes some good occasion brings you

To *Valencia*, and that he shall not be

At quiet, till he know it. 'Twas not fit

For me, without your Orders, to give him

Any more light, then what your Ticket did.

*Don Fer.* 'Tis well, go now and see if *Donna Elvira*

Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her

A witness, even at first, to what shall pass

Betwixt my friend and me, in her concernments:

If she be still a sleep *Fabio*, make bold

B

To

To knock, and wake her, w<sup>h</sup>ave no time to loose.

O heer she comes, wait you *Dön Julio*. (*Enter Donna Elvira*.)

(*Exit Fabio*.)

*Dan. Elv.* Ah, can you think my cares and sleep consistent ?  
Slumber and tears, have sometimes met in dreams;  
But hearts with such a weight as mine oppress,  
Find still the heaviest sleep too light a Guest.

*Dan Fer.* Madam, though such, least pity do deserve,  
Who by their own unsteadiness, have drawn  
Misfortune on themselves ; Yet truly *Elvira*  
Such is my sense of Yours, and my compassion,  
To see a Lady of your Quality,  
Brought to such sad extreems, in what is dearest,  
As makes me even forgit my own resentments,  
Granting to Pity, the whole place of Love,  
And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far  
You must allow th' eruption of a heart  
So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,  
'Tis to comply with my own Principles  
Of Honour, now, without the least relation  
To former passion, or to former favours.

*Dan. Elv.* Those you have found a ready way to cancel ;  
Your sullen silence, during all our journey,  
Might well have spared you these superfluous words,  
That had sufficiently instructed me  
What power, meer appearances, have had  
Without examination to destroy  
With an umbragious nature, all that Love  
Was ever able on the solid'st grounds  
To found and to establish. Yet me thinks,  
A man that boasts such principles of Honour,  
And of such force to sway him in his Actions  
In spite of all resentments, should reflect,  
That Honour does oblige to a suspense

At



At least, of judgement, when surprising chances  
Yet unenquired into, tempt gallant men  
To prejudicial thoughts of those, with whom  
They had settled friendship, upon virtuous grounds,  
But 'tis from heaven I see, and not from you,  
*Elvira* must expect her vindication;  
And until then submit to th' hardest fate,  
That ever can befall a generous spirit,  
Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

*Fer.* Nay, speak *Elvira*, speak, You have me attentive; (*With a  
It were a wonder worthy of your wit, (kind of scornful accent.*  
To make me trust my Ears, before my Eyes,

*Don. Elv.* Those are the witnesses indeed, *Fernando*,  
To whose true testimonies false Inference,  
You owe my moderation, and my silence,  
And that I leave it to the gods and time,  
To make appear both to the world and you,  
The Maxime false, That still the worst prove true. (*Enter Fabio.*

*Fabio.*

*Don Julio* is without.

*Fer.* VVait on him in,

(*Exit Fabio.*

And now *Elvira*

If you'll be pleas'd to rest your self a while  
VVithin that Closet, you may hear what passes  
Betwixt my friend and me, until such time  
As I by some discourse having prevented  
Too great surprize, you shall think fit t' appear;  
He is the man, (as I have often told you  
During my happy days) for whom alone  
I have no reserves, and 'tis to his assistance,  
That I must owe the means of serving you,  
In the concernments of your safety and honour;  
And therefore, Madam, 'twill be no offence  
I hope, to trust him with the true occasion  
That brings me hither, to employ his friendship,

*And*

B 2

Observing



Observing that respect in the relation,  
 VWhich I shall always pay you. *(Elvira retiring as into the*

*Don. Elv.* There needs no management in the Relation,  
 I am indifferent what others think,  
 Since those who ought, t'have thought the best, have fail'd me:  
 Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,  
 Till Mistris of my own. *(Exit)*

*Enter Don Julio, and Fernando, and he Embrace.*

*Don. Jul.* My joy to have my dear *Fernando* heer  
 So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis  
 Cannot make *Julio* unsensible  
 Of th' injury you have done him, t'have alighted  
 And past a night within *Valencia*,  
 At any other place than at his house,  
*Donna Blanca* her self, will scarce forgive it  
 VWhen she shall know it.

*Don. Fer.* I hope she's well.

*Jul.* She is so, thanks to heaven,  
 But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

*Fer.* You both, might well accuse me, of a failure;  
 Did not th' occasion of my coming hither  
 Bring with it an excuse, alas too just,  
 As you will quickly find.

*Don. Jul.* Nay, then you raise disquiet, ease me quickly,  
 By telling me what 'tis; of this be sure  
 Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely yours  
 At all Essays.

*Fer.* It is not new t'ee, that I was a Lover *(After pausing a*  
 Ingaged in all the passion, that e're Beauty, *while,*  
 In heigh of it's perfection, could produce,  
 And that confirm'd by reason, from her wit,  
 Her Quality, and most unblemish't conduct;  
 Nor was there more, to justifie my love,  
 Then to perswade my happiness, in her

Just

Just correspondance to it, by all the ways  
Of honourable admission, that might serve  
To make esteem transcend the pitch of Love.

*Don Ful.* Of all this I have not only had knowledge  
But great participation in your joys;  
Than which, I thought nothing more permanent,  
Since founded on such virtue as *Elvira's*.

*Don Fer.* Ah, *Julio*, how fond a creature is the man,  
That founds his blis, upon a womans firmness;  
Even that *Elvira*, when I thought myself  
Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting  
To make her mine, but those exterior forms,  
Without which, men of honour that pretend  
In way of Marriage, would be loath to find  
Greater concession, where the love is greatest.

As I was sitting with her, late at night,  
By usual admittance to her Chamber,  
As two whose hearts in VVed-lock Bands were joyn'd,  
And seem'd above all other care but how  
Best to disguise things, to a wayward Father,  
Till time, and art, might compass his consent;  
A suddain noise was heard in th' inner Room  
Belonging to her Chamber, she starts up  
In manifest disorder, and runs in,  
Desiring me to stay, till she had seen

What caus'd it; I impatient follow,  
As fearing for her, had it been her Father;  
My head no sooner was within the Room,  
But straight I spied behind a Curtain shrinking  
A goodly Gallant, but not known to me.

*Don Ful.* Heavens what can this be?

*Fer.* You will not think that there, and at that hour,  
I stay'd to ask his Name, he, ready as I,  
To make his Sword th' expresser of his mind,

We soon determin'd what we sought; I hurt  
But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain;  
Run through the body. What *Alvira* did,  
My rage allow'd me not to marke; But straight  
I got away, more wounded to the heart;  
Then he I left for dead.

*Ful.* Prodigious accident! Where can it end?

*Fer.* I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,  
I sought by *Fabio's* diligence to learn  
Who my slain Rival was, and what betide  
Of my unhappy Mistress, and what course  
*Don Pedro de Mendoza* took to right  
The honour of his house.

*Don Ful.* You long'd not more to know it then, then I  
Do now.

*Don Fer.* All could be learn't was this, That my Rival  
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,  
And that he was a stranger lately come  
Up to the Court, to follow some pretensions.  
His name he either learn'd not perfectly  
Or did not well retain; As for *Alvira*,  
That none knew where she was, and that *Don Pedro*  
Had set a stop to prosecution  
In any publick way, with what reserves  
Was not yet known.

*Don Ful.* More and more, *Indicate*.

*Don Fer.* I must now come to that, you least would look for.  
I had but few days past, in my Concealment  
(Resentment and Revenge still boiling in me)  
When late one evening, as I buried was  
In deepest thought, I suddenly was row'd  
By a surprising Apparition, *Fabio*,  
*Alvira* in my Chamber, speaking to me  
With rare assurance, Thus — *Don Fernando*

I come

# ELVIRA.

I come not heer to justify my self,  
That were below *Elvira*, towards one  
Whose action in deserting me hath shown  
So disobligingly, his rash judgement of me.  
I come to mind you of Honour, not of Love:  
Mine, can protection seek, from none but yours,  
I've hitherto been shelter'd from the Fury  
Of my enrag'd Father, by my Cousin *Camilla*,  
But that's no place you easily may judge  
For longer stay, I do expect from you  
To be convey'd, where free from violence  
And from new hazards of my wounded Fame,  
I may attend my righting from the gods;

*Don Ful.* Can guilt inaintain such confidence in a Maid?  
Yet how to think her Innocent, I know not.

*Don. Fer.* 'Twere loss of time to dwell on circumstances,  
Either of my wonder, or reply; In short,  
What I found honour dictated, I did,  
Within two hours I put her in a Coach,  
And favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe  
Out of *Madrid* to *Ocana*, and thence  
In three days, hither to *Valencia*,  
The only place where by your generous aide,  
I could have hopes to settle and secure  
Her Person and her honour: That once done  
Farewell to *Spain*; I'll to the Wars of *Milan*,  
And there soon put a Noble end to cares.

*Don Ful.* Let us first think how to dispose of Her,  
Since heer you say she is; That done which presses,  
You will have time to weigh all other things.

*Don Fer.* My thoughts can pitch upon no other way  
Decent or safe for her, but in a Convent,  
If you have any Abbess heer to friend.

*Don Ful.* I have an Aunt, ruling the *Wislins*,

With



With whom I have full power, and she is wife,  
In case that course were to be fixt upon;  
But that's not my opinion.

*Don Fer.* What can your reason be?

*Don Jul.* Last remedies, in my judgement

Are not to be used, till easier have been try'd;  
Had this strange accident, been thoroughly  
Examin'd, in all it's Circumstances;

And that from thence, she were convicted guilty,  
Nought else were to be thought on, but a *Chiffer*;

But as things stand, imperfectly discover'd  
Although appearances, condemn her strongly;

I cannot yet conclude a person guilty  
Of what throughout so contradictory seems.

To the whole tenor of her former life,  
As well as to her Quality, and *VVir*;

And therefore lets avoide precipitation.  
Let my house be her shelter for a while;

You know my sister *Blanca* is discreet,  
And may be trusted, she shall there be serv'd

By her and me, with care and secrecy.

*Don Fer.* The offer's kind but no-wise practicable,  
And might prove Hazardous to *Blanca*'s honour,

VVhen it should once break out, (as needs it must)  
From servants seeing such a Guest so treated.

*Don Jul.* That I confesse I know not how to answer,  
But could *Elvira*'s mind, submit unto it,  
I could propose a course without objection.

*Don Fer.* That she can soon resolve, VVhat is it *Julio*?

*Don Jul.* A Gentlewoman who waited on my sister,  
Hath newly left her service for a husband,

And it is known, she means to take another,  
I have a ready way to recommend one;

By *Violante* of whose love and mine

You

You are not ignorant, since that e're this  
We had been Married, had not kindred forc't us  
To wait a Dispensation for't from Rome ;

*Blanca* I'me sure will readily imbrace,

Any occasion of obliging her.

*Don Fer.* That were a right expedient indeed,

Could but *Elvira's* spirit brook it.

(*Enter Elvira as from*

*Elv.* You have ill measures of *Elvira's* spirit, (*the Closet.*

Mistaken *Don Fernando* : Till heaven's justice

Shall het entirely to her self restore,

The lowlyer shape, her fate shall hide her under

The more t'will fit her humor. (*Julio starts back as it were amazed*

*Don Julio, aside.* O heavens can guilt with such perfection

And put on such assurance ! It cannot be.

(*dwell !*

(*Don Julio addressing himself to her, and beginning.*

*Don Jul.* Madam ! (*She holding out her hand and interrupting*

*Elv.* Spare complements, and let your actions speak, (*him.*

Those may oblige both him, and me, your words

Cannot comply with both.

*Julio aside,* ——— Did ever yet

Such Majesty with misery combine !

But in this Woman.

*To her,* ——— Madam, I obey,

And since you are pleas'd t'approve what I propos'd,

No moment shall be lost in th'execution.

(*Exit Julio.*

(*Fernando accompanying him and Fabio.*

*Elvira Solo.* O how unkindly have the heavens dealt

With Woman kind, above all other creatures !

Our pleasure, and our glory ! to have placed

All on the brink of Precipices, such,

As every breath, can blow the least light of us

Headlong into, past all hopes of Redemption :

Nor can our wit, or vertue, give exemption.

'Tis true I lov'd ; But justifi'd therein

By spotless thoughts, and by the objects merit,  
 I deem'd my self above the reach of malice,  
 When in an instant by anothers folly,  
 I am more lost then any by her own.  
 Accurst *Don Zanche*, what occasion  
 E're gave *Elvira* to thy mad Intrusion?  
 Unless disdain, and scorn, Incentives are,  
 To make men's passions more irregular.  
 Ah, matchless Rigor, of the Powers above;  
 Not only to submit our honours fare,  
 Unto the vanity of those we love,  
 But to the rashness even of those we hate.

(Exit.

*Enter Donna Blanca at one door reading a paper with great marks of Passion and Disturbance, and her Waiting-woman Francisca at another, observing her.*

*Blan.* Ah, the Traitor!

*Francis.* *Aside,* ——— What can this mean?

*Blan. continuing,* Was this thy sweet Pretension at *Madrid*,  
 Drawn out in length, and hindring thy return?  
 Thy fair pretence, thou should'st have said false man.

*Fran.* For loves sake Madam, what can move you thus?

*Blan.* For hates sake say, and for revenge *Francisca*,  
 And so thou mai'st perswade me to discover  
 My shame unto thee; Read, read, that Letter:

'Tis from your favourite *Chachon*. (*Francisca takes the Letter and reads it.*)

*M* Adam, To make good my engagements of concealing nothing  
 from you, during this absence of my Master; I am bound to  
 tell you, that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead,  
 run through the body by another unknown Gallant, in the Chamber  
 of a famed Beauty of the Court. Whilst the danger continued, I  
 thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occasion;  
 which now he is recover'd and thinking of his return to *Valencia*  
 I must no longer forbear, I hope you will have a care not to abuse  
 me



me for being more faithful to you, than to the Master you gave me,

Your Creature *Chicobon*

*Blan.* Have I not a worthy Gallant think you !

*Fran.* Madam, this comes of being over curious,

And gaining servants to betray their Masters ;

How quiet might you have slept, and never felt

What past with your *Don Zancho* at *Madrid* !

His pale and dismal looks, at his return

Though caus'd by loss of blood, in the hot service

Of other Dames, might fairly have been thought

Effects of care, and want of sleep for you ;

And taken so, have past for new Indeermments.

Who ever pryed into anothers Letter ?

Or slyly hearkn'd to anothers whisper ?

But saw, or heard, somewhat that did not plea'e him ;

'Twas *Eves* curiosity, undid us all.

*Blan.* Away with thy moralities dull Creature,

I'll make thee see, and false *Don Zancho* feel,

That *Blanca*'s not a Dame, to be so treated.

But who are those I hear without, who e're

They be, they come at an unwell-come hour. (*Fran. looks out.*)

*Fran.* Madam, it is a Page of *Violantes*

Ushering a handsome Maid.

*Enter a Page with a Letter and Elvira, the Page presents the letter to Blanca, she addresses her self to Elvira, and she throws up her Vail.*

*Blan.* This Letter is in your behalf fair Maid, (*Having read*  
There's no denying such a Recomender, (*the Letter.*)

But such a face as yours is, needed none.

Page, tell your Lady as much ; And you *Silvia* (*Turning*

(For so she says you are call'd) be confident

Y're fallen into the hands of one, that knows

How to be kind, more as your friend then Mistress,

If your demeanour, and good nature, answer  
But what your looks do promise.

*Elv.* Madam, it is the Noble charity (*By the name of Silvia*)  
Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,  
To which I must acknowledge any advantage  
I ever can pretend to, more then what  
Fair *Violantes* mediation gives me. (*to Francisca*)

*Blan.* Shee's strangely handsom, and how well she speaks. (*Aside*)

*Fran.* So, so, Methinks, you know new comers, Madam,  
Set still the best foot forward.

*Blan.* And know as well that you decaying Stagers  
Are always jealous of new comers, Young,  
And handsome.

*Fran.* You may be as sharp upon me, as you please,  
I know to what t'attribute your ill humour.

*Blan.* *Francisca* entertain her, I'll go write  
To *Violante*, and then rest a while  
In hopes to ease the headach that hath seized me ;  
That done, sweet *Silvia* we shall talk at leisure. (*Exit Blanca,*

*Fran.* Sweet *Silvia*, kind Epithites are for new faces. (*Aside.*)

*Silv.* Now comes the hard part of my task indeed, (*Aside.*)  
To act the fellow Waiting-woman right.

But since the Gods already have conform'd  
My mind to my Condition, I do hope  
They'll teach me words, and gestures sutable. (*Fran. embraces Silv.*)

*Fran.* Let me embrace thee my sweet Sister, and beg you  
To be no Nigard of a little kindness:  
A very little serves with such a face,  
To gain what heart you please.

*Silv.* If it can help to gain me yours, I'll take it  
For the best office, that it ever did me,  
And love it much the better.

*Fran.* Make much on't then, for that 't has done already.

*Silv.* If you will have me vain enough to think it,

You

You must confirm it, by the proof of being  
My kind Instructor how to please my Lady,  
For I am very rawe in service.

*Fran.* ————— *O that*

I were so too, and had thy Youth t'excuse it;  
But my experience, sister, shall be yours,  
By free communication. Come, let's in  
And rest us in my Chamber, there I'll give you  
First handsell of the frankness of my Nature. *(Exit Sil. & Fran.)*

*Enter Don Zanco and Chichon his man, in riding habit.*

*Don Zan.* I must confess *Chichon* the very smell  
Of sweet *Valencia*, has even revived my spirits.  
There is no such pleasure, as to suck and breath  
One's Native air.

*Chich.* Chiefly after being in so fair a way  
As you, of never breathing any more.

*Don. Zanc.* Prithy no more of that, since I have forgot it,  
Methinks thou easily may'st.

*Chich.* Faith hardly Sir, whilst still your ghastly face  
Doth bear, such dismal Memorandums of it,  
Apter to raise inquisitiveness in those  
Know nothing of the matter, then t'allay  
Remembrance in Partakers.

*Don Zanc.* Heaven shield us from *Donna Blanca's* queries,  
No matter for the rest.

*Chich.* You would not wish to find her so unconcern'd,  
I'me sure you would not; Faith, I long to hear  
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account  
You are prepared to give to her suspicions.

*Don Zanc.* Let me alone for that: but on thy life  
Be sure that nothing be scrud out of thee,  
Neither by her, nor by her sly *Francisca*.

*Chich.* Be you Sir, sure, that from your true *Chichon*,  
They I know no more to day, then yesterday,

They

They did, nor thence, ~~more to the world's end,~~  
Then what they did, ~~before we left Madrid.~~

*Don Zanc.* Truly *Chichon*, we ~~must find the means~~  
To get a sight of her this very night.

I die if I should miss ~~her.~~  
*Chich.* Last week left gasping for *Elvira's* love.

And scarce revived, when presently expiring  
For *Blanca's* again; I did not think *Don Capid*

Had been a Merchant, of such quick returns.  
*Don Zanch.* Thou art an Ass, and want'st distinctiveness

T' mixt love and love; that was a love of sport,  
To keep the serious one in breath.

*Chich.* Faith Sir, I must confess my ignorance,  
That when I saw you groveling in your blood,

I thought your Love had been in sober sadness.  
*Don Zanch.* Prithy leave fooling, and let's carefully

Gain the back way into my house unseen,  
That none may know of my return, till *Blanca*

Find me at her feet: and be you industrious  
T' observe *Don Julio's* going forth this evening,

Doubleless hee'l keep his usual hours abroad  
In *Violante's*, since not married yet.

*Chich.* I shall observe your orders punctually. *(Exit.)*  
*Enter Don Julio and knocks at Blanca's door.*

*Don Jul.* What Sister! at your *Sister* already? if so  
You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,

For I have news to tell you. *(Enter Blanca.)*  
*Blan.* No Brother, I was much more pleasingly

Employ'd, in serving you; that is, making  
My Court to *Violante*, by receiving

To wait upon me in *Lycilla's* place,  
A Gentlewoman of her recommending.

*Don Jul.* Where is she? let me see her.  
*Blan.* ——— T'were not safe,

She



She is too handsome; You think now I jest;  
But without Rallery, she is so lovely,  
That were not *Violante* very assured  
Of her own Beauty, and the strong *Ides*  
That still upholds within you, one might question  
Her wit, to have set her in her Gallant's way.  
But what's the news you mean!

*Ful.* That our dear friend and kinsman *Don Fernando*  
Is come to Town, and going for *Italy*:  
The secret of it, doth so much import him,  
It forc't him to forbear alighting here,  
And lodging with us as he used to do:  
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him  
From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening:  
I hope you'll find wherewith to Regale him.

*Blan.* As well as you have drain'd my Cabinets,  
Of late in presents to your Mistress, some  
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at *Rome*  
It self, shall not disgrace *Valencia*.

*Don Ful.* I know your humour; and that the best present  
Can be given you, is to give you the occasion  
Of presenting; But I am come in now  
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;  
Yet not I hope without a sight of One  
So recommend, and commended so.

*Blan.* I should have thought you strangely chang'd in humour  
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.

*Fran.* Ho. (She knocks.)

Enter *Francisca*.

*Blan.* What please you Madam.

*Blan.* Prindly tell *Violante* I would speak with her. (Exit *Fran.*)

(to *Ful.*) Well, clear your Eyes, and say I have no skill  
If she appears not t'ye exceeding handsome.

brov'd

Enter

*Enter Francisco with Silvia,  
Julio salutes her.*

*D. Jul.* Welcome fair Maid into this Family,  
Where whilst you take a servants name upon you  
To do my Sister honour, you must allow  
It's Master to be yours, and that by strongest Tyes  
Knowing who plac't you here, and having Eyes.

*Silv.* I wish my service Sir, to her and you,  
May merit such a happy Introduction.

*D. Jul.* Farewell Sister, till anon, Accompanied  
As now you are, I think you'll miss me little. *(Exit Julio.)*

*Blan.* I must confess I ne'er could better spare you *(Aside,*  
Then at this time, but not for any reason  
That you I hope can guess at.

*Francisca,* you and *Silvia* may retire *(To them. (Exit Silvia*  
And entertain your selves; I'll to my Closet. *(And Francisca.*  
And try to rest.

Or rather to vent freely  
My restless thoughts. O the self-torturing part! *(Aside.*  
To force complaisance from a jealous heart. *(Exeunt.)*

## ACT II.

SCÆNE changes to the Room in the Inn.

*Enter Don Julio, and Don Fernando.*

*Don Jul.* A *Lbricus* friend, for the good news I bring you,  
All has fallen out as well as we could wish.  
As to *Elvira's* settling with my Sister,  
So lucky a success, in our first aims  
Concerning her, I trust does bode good fortune

Beyond

Beyond our hopes; yet, in the further progress  
Of this Affair.

*Don Fer.* There's no such thing in Nature left as better;  
*Fulio*, The worst proves always always true with me;  
Yet pritty tell, how does that Noble beauty  
(Wherein high Quality is so richly stamp'd)  
Comport her servile Metamorphosis.

*D. Ful.* As one, whose body, as Divine as 'tis,  
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind;  
And gently take, what ere shape that imposes.

*D. Fer.* Ah, let us mention her no more, my *Fulio*  
*Ideas* flow upon me too abstracted  
From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt  
The firmest reason; Above all be sure  
I do not see her so transform'd, least that  
Transform me too, I'll rather pass with *Blanca*,  
Both for unkind and rude, And leave *Valencia*  
Without seeing her.

*D. Ful.* — Leave that to me *Fernando*,  
But if you intend the honour to my Sister  
It will be time, the night draws on a pace.

*Fer.* Come let's be gone then, (As they are going out,  
(Enter Fabio hastily.

*Fab.* Stay Sir, for heaven's sake stay

*D. Fer.* — Why what's the matter?

*Fab.* That will surprize you both, as much me  
*Don Pedro de Mendoca* is below  
Newly alighted.

*D. Fer.* — Ha, what say'st thou *Sirrah*?  
*Elvira's* father?

*Fab.* — Sir, the very same,  
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground  
When he enquired, where lives *Don Fulio Rocca*?

*D. Ful.* For my house *Fabio*? It cannot be,  
I never knew the man.

D

*D. Fer.*



*D. Fer.* The thing does speak it self; and my hard fate  
 What else can bring him hither, but pursuite  
 Of me, and of his Daughter, having learn'd  
 The way we took, And what to ease *Fabio*  
 Here at *Valencia*, as to know our friendship  
 And then of consequence, your house to be  
 My likeliest retreat.

*D. Jul.* ——— 'Tis surely so,  
 Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

*D. Fer.* Whil'st we retire into the inner Room  
 T'advise together, *Fabio* be you sure  
 (Since unknown to him) to observe his motions. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

Scene changes to the Enter *Don Zanch* and *Chichon* as in the  
 Prospects of *Valencia*. street near *Don Julio's* house.

*D. Zanc.* ——— Newly gone out say you?  
 That is as lucky as we could have wish'd,  
 And see but how invitingly the door  
 Stands open still,

*Chich.* An open door may lead to a face of wood, (*Aside*  
 (To *Don Zanch*.)

But mean you Sir, to go abruptly in  
 Without more ceremony?

*D. Zanc.* Surprise redoubles (fool) the joys of Lovers;  
 But stay *Chichon* let's walk aside a while  
 Till yonder Coach be past. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene changes to the Enter *Don Julio* and  
 Room in the Inn. *Don Fernando.*

*D. Jul.* There is no safety in any other way,  
 You must not stir from hence, until w' have got  
 Some further light, what course he means to steer,

Let

Let *Fabio* be vigilant, I'll get home,  
Down that back stairs, and take such order there  
Not to be found, in case he come to enquire,  
As for this Night at least, shall break his measures,  
And in the morning we'll resolve together  
Whether you ought, to quit *Valencia* or no.

*D. Fer.* Farewell then for to night, I'll be alerte,  
But see y<sup>e</sup> excuse me fairely to my Cozen. (Exeunt.)

Scene changes to Blanca's Antechamber. Enter Donna Blanca and Francisco.

*D. Blan.* As well as *Silvia* pleases me *Francisca*,  
I'me glad at present that she is not well,  
She would constraine me else, she has wit enough  
To descant on my humour, and from thence  
To make perhaps discoveries, not fit  
For such new Comers.

*Fran.* If she has wit she keeps it to her self,  
At least from me, of pride, and Melancholly  
I see good store.

*D. Blan.* ——— Still envious and detracting?

Enter Don Zancho and Chichon.  
See who comes there Madam, to stop your mouth.

*Donna Blanca casting an Eye that way, and Chichon clinging up close behind his Master and making a mouth.*

*Chic.* S'has spide us, and it thickens in the cleer,  
I fear a storm.\* Goes not your heart pit a pat? (\*To his Master.

*D. Blan.* Ah, the bold Traytour! But I must dissemble, (Aside.  
And give his impudence a little Line,  
The better to confound him.

*Donna Blanca advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected cheerfulness.*

*D. Blan.* Welcome, as unexpected, my *D. Zancho*.

*D. Zanc.* Nay, then we are safe *Chichon.* (*Aside to Chichon.*  
 Incomparable Maid, Heaven blest those Eyes, (*to Her.*  
 From which I find a new life springing in me;  
 Having so long been banish'd, from their Rays,  
 How dark the Court appear'd to me without them?  
 Could it have kept me from their Influence,  
 As from their light, I had expired long since.

*D. Blan.* Y'express your love now, in so courtly a Stile  
 I fear you have acted it in earnest there,  
 And but rehearse, to me, your Country Mistress.

*Don Zanc.* Ah, let *Chichon* but tell you, how he hath seen me  
 During my absence from you.

*Chic.* I vow I have seen him even dead for Love,  
 You might have found it in his very looks,  
 Before you brought the blood into his Cheeks.

*D. Blan.* E'ne dead you say for Love, but say of whom?

*Don Zanc.* Can *Blanca* ask a question so Injurious?  
 As well to her own perfections, as my Faith.

*Don. Blan.* I can hold no longer, (*Aside to Francisca.*  
 My faithful Lover, then it is not you. (*To him scornfully.*

*Chic.* She changes tone I like not faith the Key, (*Aside to his*  
 The musick will be jarring. (*Master.*

*Blan.* 'Tis not then you, *Don Zanco*, who having chang'd

[Continues.] His sute at Court, into a love Pretension,

And his Concurrents, into a Gallant Rival,

Fell by his hand, a bloody Sacrifice

At his fair Mistress feet, Who was it then?

*Don Zanco*  
 stands a while  
 as amaz'd with  
 folded Arms.

*Chichon* behind his *Master* holding up his  
 hands and making a pitiful face, *Francisca*  
 steals to him, and holding up her hand  
 threateningly.

*Fran.* A Blab *Chichon*, a Pickthank, Peaching Varlet (*Aside*  
 Nere think to look me in the face again. (*To Chichon.*

*Chic.*

*Chic.* In what part shall I look thee, hast thou a worse? (*Aside.*  
It is the Divil has discover'd it, (To Fran.  
Some Witch dwells here, I've long suspected thee.

*Fran.* I never more shall think thee worth my Charms.

*D. Blan.* What, struck dumb with guilt? Perfidious Man  
That, happens most, to the most impudent  
When once detected; Well, get thee hence,  
And see thou nere presum'st to come again  
Within these Walls, or I shall let thee see  
'Tis not at Court alone, where hands are found,  
To let such mad men blood.

*She turns as going away, and Don Zanchio  
holds her gently by the Gown.*

*Don Zanchio.* Give me but hearing, Madam, and then if —

*Don Jul.* What ho, no lights below stairs? (*Aloud as below.*

*Fran.* O heavens, Madam, here you not your Brother,  
Into the Chamber quickly, and let them  
Retire behind that hanging, there's a place  
Where usually we throw neglected things.  
I'll take the lights, and meet him certainly  
His stay will not be long from *Violante*  
At this time of the Night; besides you know,  
He never was suspicious.

*Don Zanchio and Chichon go behind the hanging, and  
Donna Blanca retiring to her Chamber says.*

*D. Blan.* Capricious fate, must I who whilst I lov'd him  
Nere met with checking Accident, fall now  
Into extreamest hazards, for a man  
Whom I begin to hate.

*(Exit. And Francisca at another door with the lights.  
(Francisca re-enters with Don Julio.*

*D. Jul.* Where's my Sister?

*Fran.* — In her Chamber, Sir,  
Not very well, she's taken with a Megrum.

*D. Jul.*

*D. Jul.* Light me In to her, (Exit Don Julio.)

(Francisca lighting him with one of the lights.)

(Chichon peeping out from behind the hanging.)

*Chic.* If this be *Cupids* Prison, 'tis no sweet one;  
Here are no chains of Roses, Yet I think  
Y' had rather b'in't, then in *Elvira's* chamber  
As gay, and as perfum'd as 'twas.

*D. Zan.* Hold your peace Puppy, is this a time for fooling?

Enter Francisca and Chichon start's back.

*Francisca* *Chichon* look out, you may, the Coast is clear.  
coming to the hanging.

(Chichon looks out.)

Could I my Lady's neer concerns but sever,  
From yours in this occasion, both of you  
Should dearly pay your falshood.

*Chic.* You are jealous too, I see, but help us out  
This once, and if you catch me here again,  
Let *Chichon* pay for all, faithful *Chichon*.

*Fran.* Y' are both too lucky, in the likelihood  
Of getting off so soon, stay but a moment  
Whilst I go down to set the Wicket open,  
And see that there be no body in the way. (Exit Francisca.)

*Chic.* It is a cunning Drab, and knows her trade.

(Re-enter Francisca and comes to the hanging.)

*Fran.* There's now some Witch a wing indeed *Chichon*,  
*Julio*, that never till this night, forbore  
To go to *Violantes* e're he slept,  
And pass some hours there, *Julio* who never  
Inquired after the shutting of a door,  
Hath lock't the Gate himself, at's coming In,  
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,  
With charge to say, to any that should knock  
And ask for him, that hee's gone sick to bed;  
What it can mean I know not.

*Chic.* I would I did not, but, I have too true

An



An Almanack in my bones, foretell's a beating  
 Far surer then fowl weather, he has us faith  
 Fast in Lobb's Pound; Heaven send him a light hand,  
 To whom my fustigation shall belong,  
 As for my Master, he may have the Honour  
 To be rebuked at sharp.

*Fran.* May terror rack this Varlit; But for you Sir,  
 Be not dismay'd, the hazard's not so great,  
 Yonder Balcon at further end o'the' Room  
 Opens into the Street; and the descent, is  
 Little beyond your height, hung by the Arms:  
 When *Fulio* is asleep, I shall not fail  
 To come and let you out, I keep the Key,  
 In the mean while you must have patience.

*Chic.* It were a nasty hole to stay in long,  
 Did not my fear correct it's evil savour.  
 Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think  
 Y'have measur'd length, you speak so punctually  
 Of his dimensions; But I see no care  
 For me, your prity, not your proper man,  
 Who does abhor feats of activity.

(*Aside.*

(*To her.*

*Fran.* I'll help, you, with a halter.

(*Exit Francisca and  
 Chichon retires.*

*Scene changes to Blanca's Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter Blanca, Silvia, and soon after Francisca as in Blanca's  
 Chamber she sitting at her Toylet undressing.*

*Blan.* My Brother told me I should see him again,  
 Before he went to rest.

*Fran.* I think, I hear him coming.

*Blanca to* Hee'll not stay long I hope, for I am on thorns

*Francisca.* Till I know they are out, I th' mean while  
 We must perswade *Silvia* to go to bed,

Least

Least some odd chance should raise suspicion in her  
Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

*Enter Don Julio.*

*(Silvia offers to unpin her Gorget.)*

*D. Blan.* I prithee *Silvia*, leave, and get thee gone  
To Bed, you ha'nt been well, nor are not yet ;  
Your heavy Eyes betray indisposition :

*D. Sil.* Good Madam, suffer me, 't will make me well  
To do you service.

*Blan.* ——— Brother, I ask your help,  
*[to D. Julio.]* Take *Silvia* hence, and see her in her Chamber,  
This night she must be treated as a stranger,  
And you must do the honour of your house.

*(Julio goes to Silvia, and taking her by  
the hand leads her away.)*

*Sil.* *[making a low curtsy.]* Since you'l not yet let me begin to serve,  
I will begin to obey.

*Fran.* *[bridling.]* Quaint in good faith.

*D. Ful.* *[to Silvia as he leads her.]* My Sister's kinder then she thinks, to give me  
This opportunity of telling *Silvia*.

How absolutely Mistris in this place  
*Elvira* is.

*(Francisca whispers all this while with Blanca.)*

*Silv.* Good Sir, forget that Name.

*(Exeunt Julio and Silvia.)*

*D. Blan.* If that be so, what shall we do *Francisca* ?  
What way to get them out ?

*Fran.* It is a thing so unusual with him,  
It raises ominous thoughts, Else I make sure  
To get them off, as well as you can wish,  
But if already awaken'd by suspicion,  
Nothing can then be sure.

*D. Blan.* O fear not that what you have seen him do

Of



Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates  
To quite another business.

*Fran.* Then set your heart at rest, from all disturbance  
Arising from this accident.

*D. Blan.* ——— If you are certain,  
To get them off so clear, from observation,  
'Twill out of doubt be best, I tell my Brother  
*Don Zanco* is return'd, and had call'd here  
This evening to have seen him, For my fears  
Sprang only from the hour, and the surprize,  
Warm'd as he then had found me, since you know  
How little apt he is to jealousy.

*Fran.* Madam, Y'have reason, that will make all sure,  
In case he should be told of's being here  
The time of's stay, can hardly have been noted.

*Enter Don Julio.*

*D. Jul.* As an obedient Brother I have perform'd  
What you commanded me.

*D. Blan.* A hard Injunction from a cruel Sister,  
To wait upon a handsome Maid to her Chamber.

*D. Jul.* You see I've not abused your Indulgence  
By staying long, nor can I stay indeed  
With you, I must be abroad so early  
To morrow morning, therefore Dear good night.

*Donna Blanca.* Stay Brother, stay, I had forgot to tell you  
[as he is going.] *Don Zanco de Menezes* is return'd

And call'd this evening here, & have kiss'd your hands,  
*Francisca* spake with him.

*D. Jul.* I hope he's come successful in his sute,  
To morrow I'll go see him, *(Exit D. Julio.)*

*D. Blan.* You see he's free from Ombrage on that Subject.

*Fran.* L'ee all's well, and may he sleep profoundly,  
The sooner Madam, you are a bed, the better.

*D. Blan.* Would once my fears were over, that my Rage  
Might have it's course.

E

*Fran.*

*Fran.* ——— I shall not stop it,  
But after it has had it's full Careere,  
'Twill pawse I hope, and reason find an Ear. (Exeunt.)

*Scene changes to the  
Room in the Inn.*

*Enter Don Fernando  
and Fabio.*

*D. Fer.* Is he gone out?

*Fab.* ——— No Sir, not as yet,  
But seeing the servant he had sent abroad  
Newly return'd, I listen'd at his door,  
And heard him plainly give him this account.  
That he had found *Don Julio Rocca's* house,  
And having knock'd a good while at the door,  
Answer was made him without opening it,  
*Don Julio's* not at home, where at *Don Pedro*  
Impatient rose, and calling for his Cloak  
And Sword, he swore he'd rather wait himself  
Till midnight at his door, then loose a night  
In such a pressing business; This I thought  
To acquaint you with, and that he spake  
Doubtfully of his returning to lodge here.

*D. Fer.* You have done well, but must do better yet.  
In following him, and being sure to loose  
No circumstance of what he does.

*Fab.* To dog him, possibly might be observ'd  
This Moon light, by his servant, but since Sir,  
W<sup>a</sup>s certain whether he goes, my best course  
I think will be to go out the back way,  
And place my self before hand in some Porch,  
Near *Julio's* house, where I may see and hear  
What passes, and then do as I shall see cause.

*D. Fer.* 'Tis not ill thought on, but how late soever  
Your return be, I shall expect to see you  
Before we go to bed.

*Fab.*

*Fab.* — I shall not fail. *(Exeunt.)*

*Scene changes to  
Donna Blanca's  
Ante-Chamber.*

*Enter Francisca and goes to the  
banging where Don Zanchó  
and Chichón are hid.*

*Fran.* Ho, trusty servant with his faithful Master,  
Come out, the Balcone's open, loose no time,  
*Fullo's* a bed, and fast a sleep e're this,  
There's no body in the street, it is so light  
One may discover a mile, therefore be quick.

*Scene changes to the Pro-  
spect of Valencia.*

*Don Zanchó and Chichón come  
out from behind the banging and  
follow her as leading them to the  
Balcone. (Exeunt.)*

*Enter Fabio as in the  
street, and seeing  
himself in a Porch.*

*And soon after Don Zanchó and  
Chichón appear as in the Balcone,  
and Francisca's head as peeping out  
of the door into it.*

*Fab.* Here is a Porch as if 'twere built on purpose.  
*(Fabio looking up perceives them in the Balcone.)*  
Ha, here's a vision that I little dream'd of,  
Stand close *Fabio*, and Mumm.

*Don Zanchó gets over the Balcone, and letting himself down  
at Arms end, leaps gently into the Street, Chichón offers  
the like, but takes a fall as he lights, and rising coun-  
terfeits lameness.*

*(Francisca retires and locks the Balcone.)*

*Chic.* Curse on the Drab, I think I've broke my leg.

*bnA*

*E 2*

*Fab.*

*Fab.* The Moon has turn'd my brains, or I've seen  
That person some where, and that very lately.

*(He pauses scratching his head.)*

But sure I'm mad, to think it can be he.

*Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio.*

*Exit Don Zanchó and  
Chichón as turning down  
the next Street.*

*Fabio [retiring into the Porch.]* O now I see my men.

*D. Ped.* This is the Street you say; which is the house?

*Fulv.* That fair one over against the Monastery;  
Shall I go knock?

*D. Ped.* ——— What else?

*(Fulvio knocks as at Don Julio's door, and no body answers.)*

*D. P.* Knock harder.

*(He knocks again, and one asks as from within who's there.)*

*D. Ped.* A stranger, who must needs speak with Don Julio.

Although unknown to him, my business presses.

\* Who e're you be, and what so e're your business, [*\* From  
within.*]  
You must have patience till to-morrow Sir,  
*Don Julio* went sick to bed, and I dare not  
Wake him.

*D. Ped.* Fortune takes pleasure sure, in disappointing,  
When men are prest with most impatience;  
But since there is no remedy, guide *Fulvio*,  
Unto the lodging y'have provided for me,  
I hope 'tis nere at hand.

*Fulv.* Not above three doors from *Don Julio's*

\* There where it makes the corner of the Street. [*\* Pointing.*]

*Fabio* Here I must follow till I've harbour'd them,

*[stealing after them.]*

*(Exit.)*

*Scene changes to the  
Room in the Inn.*

*Enter Don Fernando alone as in  
his Chamber.*

*D. Fer.* It cannot now be long, ere *Fabio* come,

And



And t'were in vaine to go to bed before,  
For rest I'me sure I should not.

(He walks about the Room pensively.)

Ah, my *Elvira*, [Mine?] thou do'st infect  
My very words with falshood when I name thee:  
Did ever Mistress make a Lover pay  
So dear as I, for the short bliss she gave?  
What now I suffer in exchange of that,  
May make mankind, a fear'd of joyes excessive.  
But here he comes.

(Enter Fabio.)

(\* To Fabio.)

\* Have you learn't any thing,

That's worth the knowing?

*Fab.* Two things, I think considerable Sir;  
The one, that *Julia* hath found means to gain  
This night to cast your business in, without  
Admitting of *Don Pedro*, whose pressures  
Might have been troublesome, And urged you  
To hasty resolutions, whereas now  
Y'have time to take your measures. The other Sir,  
Is, that *Don Pedro* lodges here no more,  
And consequently hath eased you of constraint  
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free,  
For intercourse betwixt *Don Julio* and you,  
This more I must observe t'ee, that *Don Pedro*  
Took special care to have his lodging nere  
*Don Julio*'s house, whereby 'tis evident,  
That there he makes account his business lies.

*D. Fer.* The news you bring me, hath been worth your pains  
And thanks t'ee for it, I suppose that is all.

*Fer.* Say *Fabio*, what is't?

*Fab.* Pray, Sir, allow me

This night to think, whether it be fit or no  
To tell it you, since 'tis a thing relates not  
As I conceive to you, nor to your business.



# EDITHA.

And yet in the concerns of another  
May trouble you.

*Fer.* Be not overwise, I pray thee, I will know  
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity  
By such Gramasses.

*Fab.* You must be obey'd, but pray remember Sir,  
If afterwards I am call'd fool, for my pains,  
Who made me so, but since I do not only  
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought  
A madman too, e're I have done my story.  
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it  
Till y'are a bed, that I may run away  
So if you long to here it hasten thither.

*(Exit Fabio to the Chamber within.)*  
*D. Fer.* Content it faith, you ask no great compliance. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene changes to the Room  
in Don Zanch's house.

*Enter Don Zanch, and Chichon at a home talking.*

*D. Zan.* We are well come off from danger, would we were it  
But half as well, from *Blanca's* jealousy.

*Chic.* Speak for your self, I never came off worse.  
Apox upon your Venery, it has made me  
Another *Vulcan*.

*D. Zan.* Go rest, to night, or grumble, as you please.  
But do not think, limping shall serve your turn  
To morrow, faith I'll make you stir your stumps,  
Think you a Lover of my temper likely  
To sit down by his side?

*Chic.* I'me sure I am only fit to sit down by it,  
Since I can hardly stand.

*(He makes as if he would sit down, and Don Zanch  
giving him a kick in the breech.)*

*D. Zan.* Coxcomb come away.

*Chic.* To night's, to night, to morrow's a new day. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT.

ACT. III.

Enter Don Fernando and Fabio.

As in the Room in the Inn.

D. Fer. **A**RE all things ready *Tabio*? in case  
Don *Julio* when he comes conclude with me  
That I should begon presently.

*Tab.* Horses stand ready for you at the Posthouse.

*Fer.* 'Tis well, attend without. (Exit *Tabio*)

Enter Don *Julio*.

To *Jul.* I see you sleep not in your friends concerns,  
You are so early, and since so, the sooner  
We fix a Resolution, certainly,  
'Twill be the better, 'Twas no small Point gained,  
To frustrate for a night Don *Pedra's* aims,  
As *Fabio* tells me you have done, for he  
Nere quitted him an inch last night, until  
He had harboured him.

*Jul.* What, has he left his lodging?

*Fer.* — That he has,  
And which is more considerable taken one  
Close by your house, which evidences cleerly  
Where his suspicions lie; That being so,  
I'me confident, you'l be of my opinion  
For my dislodging from *Valencia*  
Immediately, For *Elvira* being  
Already so well settled, nothing can  
So much indanger her discovery,  
As my remaining longer in these parts.

*Jul.* Were I but free as yesterday *Fernando*,  
To think of nothing but *Elvira* and your  
Concernments, I must confess your absence  
From hence were to be wished, but Cousin

Ther's

Ther's fallen out this very night, a thing,  
Which shews how little I beholding am  
To fortune, That having so newly lent me  
The means of serving handsomly my friend,  
Calls back the debt already, and mak's me  
As needing of your aide, as you of mine.

*Fer.* Ho, *Fabio* forbid the horses presently! (*Fabio looks in.*)

*To Jul.* The least appearance *Julio* of my being  
Useful to you, by staying, puts an end  
To all deliberation, for my self,  
Say, what's the accident? You have me ready.

*Jul.* Such, and of such a nature, my *Fernando*,  
That as to be communicated to none  
But you, another self, so I am sure  
It will astonish you with the Surprisal.  
Ah! could you think it possible? that *Blanca*,  
Should raise disturbance in the heart of *Julio*,  
As to the honour of his Family.

*Fer.* Heavens forbid.

*Jul.* Never was Brother so secure as I,  
Or so unalterable in his persuasion  
Of having a Sister, of unmatch'd discretion,  
Nor e're, could less, then evidence it self,  
Have shaken such a confidence.

*Fer.* ——— For Gods sake *Julio*,  
Hold me no longer in such pain of mind  
But sure we shall be better there within,  
Free from the noise of the Street.

*Jul.* You say well. (*Exit Julio.*)

*Fernando* This is what *Fabio* told me he saw last night,  
[as he follows him Aside.] Discovered by some accident to *Julio*,  
It can be nothing else, O Women! Women! (*Exit Fernando.*)

*Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio,*

*As in their new lodgings.*

*Don Ped.* I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place,

For

For all I intend, as this is, *Fulvio*,  
I shall repair the last nights disappointment  
By early care this morning, In the mean while,  
Fail not of your part in the discovery  
Where my Enemy dwells, and i'th' observation,  
Of all his motion's, That's sth' important part.

*Ful.* Relie, Sir, on my care and Vigilance.

(*Exeunt Don Pedro and Fulvio.*)

*Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando,*  
*As in the outward Room of the Inn.*

*Ful.* ——— It is a Quarter,  
Always reserv'd to my own privacy,  
There lying unsuspected, if whil' st I  
Continue late abroad under pretence  
Of being at *Violantes*, You keep watch  
Carefully within, he cannot scape us  
So you be sure t' observe punctually  
The sign agreed, and boulding of the doors,  
When he is once within.

*Fer.* Since you have so resolv'd and laid your business;  
Dispose of me, and lead the way, whil' st I  
Give *Fabio* his instructions what to do  
During my absence.

(*Exeunt Fernando and Julio.*)

*Enter Dona Blanca and Francisca*

*As in Blanca's Ante Chamber.*

*Fran.* Since the black Cloud, that threatn'd you last night  
With such a storm, is luckily blown over,  
Without a sprinkling; I hope Madam, you  
Will imitate the fates, and grow Serene,  
From all those Clouds which so much threatn'd others.

*Blan.* Ah! *Francisca* can'st thou ———

(*She stops seeing Silvia coming.*)

*Enter Silvia with a fine Bason of Flowers.*

*Aside* ——— But here's *Silvia*,  
O the sharp thorns, she brings me at this time

F

With



With Flowers in her hand, by the Constraint  
Her presence gives me.

*Sil.* Madam, I with the ranging of these Flowers  
May be to your mind; but alas I fear  
I am too dull for works of Phancy.

*Blan.* 'Tis me you find too dull to relish them,  
Anon they may be wellcomer.

*Sil.* I'll wait that happy hour,

— She's in ill humor.

(*Aside.*)

(*Exit Silvia.*)

*Blan.* But tell me now, didst ever see *Francisca*,  
So false and bould a Creature? The Impudence  
He had to cloath his Treachery with new Courtships,  
Provokes me most of all.

*Fran.* Last night indeed, incens'd as you were, Madam,  
I fain would know what air so soft and Gentle  
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame  
Higher and Higher! but me thinks your Pillow  
Should in so many hours have had some power  
T'allay and mollifie; I then complied  
(He present) with your anger, but now, Madam,  
You must allow me to speak reason t'ee,  
In his behalf, before you go too far,  
And put things, in your passion, past Recall,  
Which that once over, you would give your life,  
To have again.

*Blan.* ——— Pray think me not so tame.

*Fran.* So tame say you? I think you wild I swear.  
To take so much to heart, what at the most  
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,  
As once flash't out, in a few Cholerick words,  
Ought to expire, in a next Visits Coyness.

*Blan.* Make you so slight of Infidelity?

*Fran.* Cupid forbid; I'de have men true to Love.  
But, I'de have women too, true to themselves,

And



And not rebuke their Gallants, by requiring  
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.  
I'de have men true as steel; but steel you know  
(The purest and best polish't steel) will ply,  
Urg'd from it's Rectitude, (forsooth) But then  
With a smart spring, come to it's place agen.

*Blan.* Come leave your fooling, and speak soberly.

*Fran.* Why then in sober sadness, y'are in the wrong,  
I do not say, in being angry with him,  
And netl'd at the thing, That's Natural,  
We love no Partners, even in what we know  
We cannot keep all to our selves; But, Madam,  
To think the worse of him for it, or resolve  
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,  
That were a greater fault then his, who has  
For one excuse, long absence; And in truth  
Another, you'd be sorry he wanted, youth.

*Blan.* You talk as if ——— (*Francisca interrupting her.*)

*Fran.* ——— Stay Madam I beseech you.  
And let me make an end, I have not yet  
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, A Sute  
At Court, enough I trow for any dog trick.

*Blan.* How like a Goose you talk, A Court pretension,  
What has that to do one way or other  
With his faith to me?

*Fran.* So, one displeased to find his Crasfishes,  
Shrivel'd within, and empty, said to his Cook,  
(Who layd the fault upon the Wane o' th' Moon,)  
What has the Moon, to do with Crasfishes?  
Marry she has, t'is she that governs shell Fish,  
And t'is as true, in Courts, that love rules business  
By as Preposterous an Influence.

*Blan.* I prithy make an end, or come to the Point.

*Fran.* Why then I'll tell you, and you may believe me,  
(Having been train'd up in my youth you know,

In the best School, to learn Court Mysterries;  
 An Aunt of mine being Mother of the Maids;  
 Love holds the Rudder, and Steers all in Courts;  
 How oft, when great Affairs perplex't the Brains  
 Of mighty Politicians, to conjecture,  
 From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,  
 Such Exaltations, Madam, such depressions,  
 Against the Rules of their Mysterious Art,  
 And when, as in suprising works of Nature  
 Reason confounded, Men cry those are secrets  
 Of the high Powers above, that govern all,  
 Grave lookers on, stroking their beards would say,  
 What a transcendant fetch of State is this;  
 These are the things, that wisdom hides and hatches,  
 Under black Cap of weighry jobberhole  
 I mean *Count Olivarez*. All the while  
 We female Macchiavels, would smile to think,  
 How closely lurking lay the Nick of all,  
 Under our Daughter *Doll's* white Petticoat.

*Blan.* All this I grant you, may be true; And yet  
 N'ere make a jot, for his excuse; *Francisco*  
 His sute, had no Relation to such matters.

*Fran.* What e're the thing be, 'tis all one, D'ee think,  
 Sutes be they what they will, can be obtain'd  
 By such as pass for Fopps, as all young men  
 Without a Mistress or a Confidence  
 Are sure to do there; A sharp pointed Hat,  
 (Now that you see the Gallants all Flat headed,)  
 Appears not so ridiculous, as Yonker,  
 Without a love Intreegue, to Introduce,  
 And sparkefy him there; Madam, in short,  
 Allow me once to be Sententious;  
 It is a thing, that always was, and is,  
 And ever will be, true, to the worlds end;  
 That, as in Courts of Justice, none can Carry

On business well, without a Procurator;  
So none in Princes Courts, their Sutes make surer,  
Then those that work them, by the best Procurer.

*Blanca* Well, hast, adone *Francisca*?

[Smiling a little.]

*Fran.* — Madam, I have.

*D. Blan.* — Then letting pass,  
Thy fine reflections Politique now vented,  
To shew thy skill in Courts, I'll tell thee freely,  
I'm not transported in my jealousy  
So far, beyond the bounds of Reason; as  
Not to know well, the difference, betwixt  
Such Escapades of youth, as only spring  
From warmth of blood, or Gales of Vanity,  
And such engagements, as do carry with them  
Dishonour unto those, whose quality,  
And loze have little to the serious Parr,  
Once Embark'd by them, in a Gallentry.

*Fran.* I see the Clouds disperse, ther's no such Art, *(Aside.*  
Of compassing ones ends, with those above us,  
As that of working them into good humour,  
By things brought in by the by,  
Why surely, Madam, unless anger lend you  
It's spectacles, to see things, I cannot think  
You judge *Don Zanche's* fault to be any other,  
Then of the first kind; so well stated by you.

[To her.]

*Blan.* *Francisca*, were I otherwise perswaded,  
I am not of an humor that could suffer  
Such Parlies for him, much less Intercession;  
But since upon reflection, I find cause  
To think what he has done A folly only,  
Of Youth and Vanity, when I shall find him  
Sufficiently mortify'd, I may pardon him.

*Fran.* Heavens blest so sweet a temper, But Madam,  
Have a care I beseech you of one thing.

*Blan.* What's that?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* ——— That while your pride of heart  
Prolongs his readmission, his despair  
Urge him not to some precipitate attempt;  
That may expose your honour, safe as yet;  
You see what danger the last night's distemper  
Had like to have brought you into Transported Lovers,  
Like Angels fallen from their bliss grow Devils.

*D. Blan.* What would you have me appear so flexible?

——— I'te not enough.  
I tell you I may pardon him in due time.

*Fran.* Good Madam, be advis'd I do not press you  
For his sake, but your own, Trust my experience  
To women nought's so fatal as suspense;  
Whose smartest actions, ne're did cast such Blot,  
On honor, as this, shall I? shall I not?

*D. Blan.* I'de rather die, then have him think me Easie.

*Fran.* Your spirit, never can be liable  
To that suspicion, Madam leave to me  
The conduct of this matter, I beseech you,  
If e're you sleep, you do not see the Gallant  
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,  
Ne're trust *Francisca* more.

*D. Blan.* You are so troublesome, do what you will.

(*Blanca turns away and Exit as into her Closet.*)

*Fran.* ——— Whar gone away?  
I'll do what she would have, but dards nor say.

*Enter Don Julio and Silvia as in Blanca's Chamber.*

*Don Julio* Where is my Sister *Silvia*?

[Looking about him.] *Silv.* ——— In her Closet, Sir.

As yet not ready.

*Jul.* ——— And wher's *Francisca*?

*Silv.* She's with her, dressing her.

*D. Jul.* ——— Why then *Elvira*,  
Let me not Loose this opportunity,  
Of telling you, how sad a man I am.

To see you in this posture, and to assure you  
How gladly I would lay down life, and fortune,  
To serve you in *Don Fernando's* absence.

*Silv.* Your generosity I make no doubt of:  
But *Don Fernando* is gone.

*D. Ful.* — I cannot say,  
That he is gon, for he was not himself,  
With the thought of leaving you, And yet less  
Himself, when e're he thought of staying near you,  
Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,  
As love, and sharp resentment.

*Silv.* He is gone then? *(She paces.)*

— Ah! generous *Don Fulio*?

*[Putting her Hand-kercher to her Eyes.]* You needs must be Indulgent, to a weakness  
Which whilst that he was present Indignation,

And a just Sence of what I am, had power  
To keep within my self, but now I find  
That check remov'd, Nature will have it's tribute,  
And you must pardon my withdrawing, where *(She weeps.)*  
Such grief, may pay it, with unwitness'd tears. *(Exit Silvia.)*

*Ful.* Can a demeanour, so composed, so Noble,  
And yet so tender, want true Innocence?  
It cannot be, It grieves my heart I swear,  
T'have given her new affliction, but the Secret  
Of *Don Fernando's* close concealment here  
Is so important, it necessitated  
My saying what I did, since secrets are  
E'ver kept best, by those that know them least.

*Enter Blanca and Francisca.*

*Ful.* Now high dissimulation, play thy Parr.

*[To her]* Good Morrow Sister, have you rested well?  
And do you rise Serene, as does the Sun,  
Free from distemper, as the day from Clouds,  
Your looks perswade it me, they are so clear,  
And fresh this morning.

*Blanc.*



*Blan.* The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,  
Else they'd be dull enough, this ugly Head-ache  
Having tormented me all night, you might  
Have heard me call *Francisca* up at midnight,

*Fran.* That was well thought on, for 'tis possible  
He may have heard some Noise. *(Aside.)*

*Ful.* ——— How cunning she's! *(Aside.)*  
Faith now you put me in mind of it I think!  
T'wixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.

*Blan.* The worst of my indisposition is,  
That t'will I fear hinder me again, to day,  
From visiting *Violante*, to thank her  
For *Silvia*.

*Ful.* I charge my self with all your Complements,  
For this whole after-noon till late at night  
I needs must pass with her, to make amends  
For yesterdays failings, caus'd as you know  
By *Don Fernando's* being in Town.

*Blan.* I must not hope to see you then again  
To day, when once gone out.

*Ful.* Hardly, unless to wait on *Violante*  
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,  
When I shall tell her, you are indisposed;  
And so farewell. *(Exit Julio.)*

*Blan.* All's well I see *Francisca* as to him,  
I wish my heart, were but as much at rest  
In what concerns *Don Zanco*.

*Fran.* ——— It shall be  
Your own fault, if it be not quickly so,  
As I'll order the matter.

*Blan.* Take heed, you make him not grow insolent  
By discovering to him my facility.

*Fran.* I'm too well vers't, to need instructions.

*Blan.* I leave all t'ee, But how does *Silvia*  
This morning?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* ————— I think she has been crying  
She looks so dull and moped.

*Blan.* I'll in and see her.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to Don  
Zancho's house.

Enter Don Zanchó and  
Chichon limping.

*Don Zan.* What not yet gone, thou lazy trifling Rascal?

*Chic.* What juster excuse Sir, for not going  
Then is a broken Legg?

*D. Zanc.* If you find not your own Legg quickly Sirrah,  
I shall find you a wooden one.

*Chic.* Be as angry as you will Sir, I'll not go  
Till I have maid my conditions; The true time  
For servants to stand upon points, is when  
Their Masters stand upon Thorns.

*D. Zanc.* What are they, Owls face?

*Chic.* Assurance Sir, but of free air within,  
With fair retreat, upon an even Floor,  
And that it shall not be in a sluts power,  
After having kept me in a nasty place,  
To empr' me out at window.

*Don Zan.* ————— Prithy Chichon  
Adone and miss not th' opportunity  
By fooling, unless you take *Francisca*  
Just as she comes from Mass, this day is lost,  
And I lost with it.

*Chic.* ——— Come, I'll hobble to her,  
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one;  
Truth always comes, by the lame Messenger.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a fine  
pleasant Apartment.

Enter *D. Julio* and knocks as at the  
Door of his private Apartment;  
*Fernando* opens the door and  
lets him in.

*Fer.* Y'have given me here a very pleasant Prison:  
But what news my *Julio*? Are things disposed  
For clearing of your doubts? My own concerns

I cannot think on, during your disquiet.

*Ful.* And I come now so strangely moved with yours,  
I scarce have sense or memory of my own,  
A heart of Adamant could not be hindred  
I think, from liquifaction into tears:  
I have seen, and heard *Elvira* as I have done,  
Upon th'occasion of my telling her  
That you were gone,  
A sence so gallant, and so tender both,  
I never saw in Woman.

*Fer.* Can that high heart, descend to tenderness?

*Ful.* Not, (whilst you present) Noble pride upheld it;  
But Nature once set free from that constraint,  
O how patheticque was her very silence!  
And the restraint of tears, in her swollen Eyes,  
More eloquent in grief, then others torrents:  
If she be guilty, all her Sex are Devils.

*Fer.* O say no more, For were there Room but left  
For self deceit, I might be happy yet;  
Ah Evidence, too cruell, to deny me that. [*A noise without.*]

*Ful.* But what can be the noise, I hear without  
In the next Room.

(*Fernando peeps through the Key-hole.*)

*Fer.* — S'life I see *Don Pedro*  
*Elvira's* father, ther's no avoding him,  
H'eed not a come up so, without being sure  
You are within.

*Ful.* Further put off, would be of little use,  
Since first or last, he must be satisfy'd,  
Being come hither upon such an Arrant,  
The sooner now we see what 'tis, he drives at,  
The sooner we shall take from thence our measures;  
I'll therefore go out to him, and be sure  
To entertain him still, so near the door  
That you may hear what passes.

*Fer.* I shall

*Fer.* I shall be attentive, and expect the Issue  
With much impatience.

*And the Scene changes to  
Don Julio's Ante-Chamber.*

*(Exit Julio.  
Enter Don Pedro and his servants,  
and Don Julio and a Page.*

*Don Ped.* My business, Sir, is to *Don Julio Rocca,*  
If you be he I shall desire the favour  
Of some few words with you in Private. *[A dressing him-  
self to D. Julio.]*

*Don Ful.* Sir, I am he to serve you, Page set Chairs.

*He points to the Page, and makes him set the chairs by the  
door where Don Fernando is, and then the Page and  
Don Pedro's man retire.* *[They sit down.]*

*D. Ped.* Having not the honour to be known't ee Sir,  
'Tis fit this Letter make my Introduction;  
'Tis from the Duke of Medina.

*He gives Don Julio the letter, which he receives with  
great respect; And going a little aside reads it.*

THE LETTER.

**D**ON Pedro de Mendoca my Kinsman, and most particular  
Friend goes to Valencia, in pursute of one who hath highly  
Injur'd his family, whose righting I am so much concern'd in, as  
could it have been done without too much publication of the thing,  
I would have accompanied him my self, but my presence will be  
needless in a place where you have power; I do therefore conjure  
you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you em-  
ploy it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him,  
put it upon my account, whom you shall always find,

Your most affectionate Cousin to serve you

The Duke of Medina.

*(Don Julio giving the Letter to Don Pedro and he taking it.*

*Don Ful.* Sir, it is fit you see how heartily  
The Duke hath recommended your concernments,  
Whose will's a Law to me.

*(Don Pedro having read it, and restoring it.*

*Don Ped.* He told me indeed how very sure he was  
Of your Friendship and dependance.

————— I am proud to find he makes,  
So obliging use of it to my advantage.

*Don Jul.* I do avow my self his Creature Sir ;  
Therefore the sooner you shall let me know  
In what I may be useful t'ee, the sooner  
You'll see my readines to serve you.

*Don Pedro.* Your personal reputation Sir, as well  
As your relation to the Duke, assured me  
Before hand, of what I find, and therefore  
As hard a part as it is for a Gentleman  
Of my blood and temper, to become  
Relator of his own shame, unreveng'd  
On the Authour of it, I shall tell you in short ;  
I live under an affront of th' highest Nature  
To the Honour of my Family, And the Person  
Who did it, makes *Valencia* his retreat,  
'Tis against him, *Don Julio*,  
That your assistance must support me here,  
I have already got some notice of him,  
And when I shall be ascertain'd, I'll repair  
Again unto you for your friendly aide,  
And for the present trouble you no farther.

(*Don Pedro offers to rise as going away.*)

*Don Jul.* A little patience I beseech you Sir,  
I have express'd my readines, and be sure  
I am a man never to fail, where once  
I have engaged my word ; but Sir, withall,  
You must must consider with a fair reflexion  
That in this place are all my chief Relations,  
Of blood and friendship ; and though neither shall  
Have power t'exempt me from the serving you  
In any just pretension ; yet you know,  
That men of Honour, ever ought to seek,  
How to comply with one duty, without  
Violating another.

*Don.*



*Don Ped.* I understand you Sir, and as 'tis that  
Which well becomes a person of your worth,  
To have reflected on; so it becomes me,  
To satisfy before I engage you further,  
Then give me leave to ask you, whither or no  
*Don Zanco de Menezes* be of the number  
Of those, towards whom y'are under obligation,  
Either of blood, or friendship?

[*Don Julio shewing some little surprise but presently recovering.*]

*Don Ful.* *Don Zanco de Menezes* say you?

*Don Ped.* ——— Sir, the same,

He startled at his Name.

[*Aside.*]

*D. Ful.* He is a person I have always liv'd  
In friendly correspondance with, without  
Any such tie upon me towards him,  
As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

*Don Ped.* You have reviv'd me; and since I have now nam'd  
My Enemy, I can conceal no longer  
The Grounds on which he is so; That *Don Zanco*  
About a fourtnight since, was late at night  
Found in my house, run newly through the body,  
And weltring in his blood, ready to expire;  
I by the outcry brought upon the place,  
Surpriz'd as you may imagine, and enraged,  
Was yet so far Master of my passion,  
As to disdain the owing my revenge  
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty  
Towards me, as was the sufferer; I made  
Him straight be carried to a Surgeon, where,  
I thought it generous to give him life  
Then dead, that living I might give him death;  
Recover'd sooner then I thought, he Fled,  
And with him, as I have reason to believe,  
My only Daughter, who the very night  
Of the accident was missing; O the Curse

of

Of men to have their Honours Subjected,  
To the extravagance of such vile Creatures !

*Ful.* [*sighing.*] 'Tis our hard fate indeed.

*D. Ped.* I presently employ'd all diligence  
To know what way he took, and having Learn'd  
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him;  
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information  
A long the Road, that an unknown Gallant  
Had with his Servant, guarded all the way  
A conceal'd Lady in a Coach : And thus Sir,  
You have the story of my injury,  
Whereof I doubt not but your generous heart,  
Will wed the just revenge.

*Ful.* You may rely on't Sir, without reserves,  
To th' utmost of my power.

*Don Ped.* — May the gods reward you,  
The life that you Renue to these gray heirs ;  
I'll take my leave at present, and return t'ee  
As soon as from the diligences used  
I shall have Clearer lights.

*Don Ful.* Here you shall find me waiting your Commands.

[*Exit Don Pedro, and Don Julio waiting on him out.*  
*Scene changes, and Enter Don Julio, and Don Fernando*  
*as in the private Apartment.*

*Don Ful.* I hope you over heard us.

*Fer.* — All distinctly,  
And with surprizing joy at his mistake ;  
Did ever blood-hound, in a hot pursuit,  
Run on so readily upon the change ?

*Ful.* I hope it boads good fortune in the Rest.

*Fer.* Were e're two friends engag'd in an adventure  
So intricate as we, and so Capricious ?

*Ful.* Sure never in this world, me-thinks it merits  
A special recapitulation.  
You at the height of all your happiness

Supplanted with your Mistriſs by a Rival,  
You neither knew nor dream't of; Evidence  
Anticipating jealousie.

*Fer.* And when that Rival, fallen by my Sword  
In her own preſance, is by miracle  
Revived, and fitter to ſerve her then I,  
That faithleſs Miſtriſs, with the ſame aſſurance  
She could have done, had ſhe been true, as fair,  
And for my ſake expoſed to fatall hazards,  
Flys to my Arms for her Protection.

*Jul.* And whil'ſt that you, refining point of Honour,  
In ſpite of Rage expoſe your ſelf to ſerve her,  
She aſks, and takes, with a vowed indignation,  
To be beholding t'ee, new obligations,

*Fer.* I have recourſe unto my only Friend,  
To help me in protecting my falſe Miſtreſs,  
And he, at the ſame time, by heigheſt Powers  
Impos'd upon, to be her perſecutor.

*Jul.* Whil'ſt the ſame friend, and by the ſelf-ſame Powers,  
Is urg'd to Act, in their revenge, againſt  
The man, on whom you moſt deſire to take it;  
And then, to heighten all beyond invention,  
That very friend, is forſt, even in that inſtant,  
To a dependance on your only Aide,  
In his Honours neareſt and moſt nice concerns.

*Fer.* Heaven ſure delights t'involve us in a kind  
Of *Laberintb*, will poſe it ſelf to unwind. (Exit.)

## A C T. IV.

*Scene changes to the Room* Enter *D. Zanch*, and *Chichon* at another door, halting ſtill with a ſtaff.

*D. Zan.* **V V** Hat here again already? have you ſpead?  
*Chichon* **V V** Lame as I am, you ſee I have made good ſpeed  
In

In my return, what e're I have had in my Arrant.

*D. Zan.* Leave fool your quibbling, and deliver me  
From the disquiet of uncertainty.

*Chich.* That's quickly done, let Sir your heart at rest  
From the vain hopes of ever seeing *Blanca*;  
Now you are at ease I trow.

*Don Zanc.* You'll be at little, unless you leave your jesting  
With such edg'd tools; Is banishment from her  
Matter of Rallery? say Sirrah, and say  
Quickly, what hopes?

— Prithy if thou lov'st me [kindly.  
Hold me no longer in suspense *Chichon*.

*Chich.* Why, then for fear, the Devil a bit for love,  
I'll tell you Sir, That luckily I met  
The Drab *Francisca* at the Capuchins  
Lodging, behind her Lady, I think on purpose,  
For I perceiv'd, her eager Sparrow-Hawks eye  
With her veil down (near stirs a twinkling while  
From it's fly peeping hole) had found me straight,  
I took my time in th' nick, but she out nick't me;  
For trudging on, her face an other way,  
With such a voice, as some you have seen, have had  
The trick to draw, from Caverns of their Belly,  
And make one think it came from a mile off;  
She made me hear these words about twilight,  
Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more  
At this time Varlet. And thus Sir, you see,  
That neither she nor I, have been prolix,  
For this is all; You have leave to make your Comment  
On a brief text.

*Don Zanc.* As sweet me-thinks as short, such words imply  
Little less than a demy Assignment.

*D. Zanc.* All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings  
Two handles to their meaning.

*Don Zan.* I'm sure I'll still lay hold upon the pleasing't  
Till

Till it be wrested from me; i'th' mean while  
If any visitants come this afternoon,  
Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,  
That nothing else embarque us at the time;  
You shall not go alone.

*Chic.* ——— I thank you for it. *(Holding up his staff.)*  
I cannot go alone. *[Exeunt Chicón halting.]*

Scene changes to Don Julio's. *Enter Don Fernando and Julio*  
*private Apartment. as in the private Apartment.*

*Don Ful.* All things are rightly laid, for *Violante*  
Will pass the afternoon with *Blanca*, and then  
I waiting on her home in th' evening, *Blanca*  
Will be secure from me, till late at night,  
I shall be where I told you, in full view  
Of those two windows: If the Gallant come  
Up the great Stairs, he must pass through that Room  
And cannot scape your knowledge: If up the back one,  
You needs must here him passing through the Entry  
Close by that door. If this latter way,  
Be sure to set the Candle in that window: *(Pointing)*  
If up the other, in that; and in either case  
As soon as he's within, fail not to bolt  
On th' inside th' Entry door, that so he may  
Find no retreat that way, I coming up  
The other.

*Don Fern.* ——— Be assured I shall be punctuall  
As you direct. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene changes to Don Pedro's Lodging. *Enter Don Pedro, and his*  
*servant Fulvio.*

*Don Ped.* Are you sure of what you say?

*Ful.* ——— As sure, Sir,  
As my own Eyes can make me of what I saw,  
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since t was I  
*(You may remember)* fetcht the Surgeon to him,  
And saw his wounds dress'd more then once, or twice;



The Tavern where I was, looks into his Garden,  
And there I left him walking, to come tell you.

*D. Ped.* We are well advanc'd then, towards my just Revenge  
I found *Don Julio* as ready to comply  
With all the Dukes desires, as I could wish,  
And my great fear is over, That *Don Zúñcho*  
Might possibly have been some near Relation  
Of his own; so that now *Fulvio*, if you  
Keep but a careful Eye upon his motions,  
And give me notice, he can hardly scape us.

*Ful.* Doubt not my diligence.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene changes to | Enter *Blanca* and *Francisca* as in a fine Gar-  
den with Orange-trees and Fountains.

*Don. Blan.* You must have your will, but know *Francisca*  
If you expose me to his vanity,  
I never shall forgive you.

*Fran.* I tell you, Madam, I will bring him t'ee  
So mortified, he shall an object be  
For pity, not for anger, you'll need employ  
Kindness to erect the poor dejected Knight.

*Don. Blan.* It fell out luckily that *Violante*  
Came hither, for my Brother now engaged  
With her, w're safe till ten a Clock at least.

*Fran.* But how shall we dispose of *Silvia*?  
It will be hard to scape her observation,  
For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,  
A melancholy wit: O the unlucky Star  
That leads a Lady, engaged in love intrigues  
To take a new Attendant near her Person!

*Don. Blan.* 'Twas an unluckiness, but *Violante*  
Could not be deny'd, I having told her  
So often that I wanted one; besides  
Who could have thought, sh' had one ready at hand,  
But we must make the best on't for this night:  
'Twill not be hard to baffle her, till 't be late

In the perfuming Room. This near occasion  
Well o're, I think it will not be amiss  
Against another, to say some what to her  
That may in case she have perceiv'd any thing  
Perswade her she is not distrustful.

*Fran.* Madam take heed of that, when e're you find  
It necessary to say any thing.

Be sure to say that, that she may think all ;  
Take one Rule more from my experience,  
Nothing so fatal as a Confidence  
By halves in amorous transactions ;  
But here she comes.

*D. Blan.* Come *Silvia*, and take your part of this sweet Place ;  
This is a day indeed, to taste it's freshness.

*Sil.* Madam I needs must say, within a Town  
I never saw so fine a one.

*Don. Blan.* ——— In truth  
I think not many sweeter. Those Fountains  
Playing among those Orange trees and Mirtils,  
Have a fine mix't effect on all the senses ;  
But think not *Silvia* to enjoy the pleasure  
Without contributing to make it more.

*Sil.* How can I be so happy ?

*D. Blan.* *Francisca* tells me she has over-heard you  
Warbling alone such Notes unto your self,  
As have not only a good voice betray'd,  
But skill to manage it.

*Sil.* ——— It is *Francisca*  
That has betray'd, a very ill one Madam.

*Don. Blan.* Under yon Palm tree's shade, there is a seat  
That yields to none in the advantages  
It lends to Musick, let's go sit down there,  
For this first time, one Song shall satisfy.

*Silv.* When you have heard that one, I shall not fear  
Your asking me another. (They go and sit down under the Palm-  
tree and *Silvia* sings.

## THE SONG.

*See, O see!*  
*How every Tree,*  
*Every Bower,*  
*Every Flower,*  
*A new life gives to others joys;*  
*Whilst that I,*  
*Grief stricken lie,*  
*Nor can meet*  
*With any sweet,*  
*But what faster mine destroys.*  
*What are all the senses pleasures,*  
*When the mind has lost all mea-*  
*(sures?)*

*Hear, O hear!*  
*How sweet, and clear*  
*The Nightingale,*  
*And waters fall,*  
*In converse join for others Ears,*  
*Whilst to me*  
*For harmony,*  
*Every Air*  
*Eccho's despair,*  
*And every drop provokes a tear.*  
*What are all the senses pleasures,*  
*When the mind has lost all mea-*  
*(sures?)*

*Don. Blan.* I thank you *Silvia*, but I'll not allow  
 One of your youth, to nourish melancholly-  
 By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.

*Silv.* The happiness of serving you may fit me  
 In time, for gayer things.

*Don. Blan.* I will not ask another for the present,  
 Not for your reason, but because I'll be  
 More moderate in my pleasures; Now *Silvia*  
 I have a task to give you.

*Silv.* What e're it be, it will be a pleasing one  
 Of your imposing.

*Don. Blan.* — 'Tis to gather store of  
 Fresh Orange Flowers, and then carefully  
 To shift the Oyls in the perfuming Room;  
 As in the several ranges you shall see  
 The old begin to wither; To do it well  
 Will take you up some hours; But 'tis a work  
 I oft perform my self; And that you may  
 Be sure not to mistake, I'll go thither  
 With you, and shew you the manner of it.

*Silv.* I hope I shall not fail so well instructed. (Exit.)

Scene

*Scene changes to the Room  
at Don Zanchó's.*

*Enter Don Zanchó  
and Chichon.*

*Chic.* Y'are so impatient Sir, you will mar all,  
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,  
The Sun is hardly set; pray fetch a turn  
Or two more in the Garden, ear you go.

*D. Zan.* You must be Governour, I see, to night;  
You are so proud o'th' service you have done;  
Come away.

*(Exeunt.)*

*Scene changes to the  
Garden again.*

*Silvia appears in the Garden as gathering  
flowers from the Orange Trees, and then  
with her Apron full going away says,*

*Silv.* The task enjoyn'd me is a sweet one truly,  
But I smell somewhat more in the impossall;  
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune  
That I am lighted into a Lady's service  
Of an obliging humour; But most of all  
One that as kind as she is, I see's as glad,  
To leave me alone as I to be it, somewhat  
There is, misterious in her looks, and conduct:  
Such motions just, such inequalities,  
Such flatteries to those I trusted least,  
Such pretty employments found, to busie those  
I would be rid of; And such arts as these  
To single out her Confident unnoted,  
I well remember would *Elvira* use,  
Whil'st the unquiet joys of Love, posselt her;  
How innocent soever; And besides,  
*Francisca's* sitting up so late last night,  
And going up and down so warily,  
Whilst others slept, is evidence enough  
What God rains here, as well as at the Court.  
But I forget my self: Let descants cease,  
Who serves though she observes, must hold her peace.

*(Exit Silvia.)*  
Scene

Scene changes to the Prospect of Valencia. Enter Don Zancho with his Cloak  
o're his face, and Chichon.

Don Zanc. Advance, Chichon, I'll follow at a distance;  
'Tis the right time, just light enough, you see,  
For warn'd Expectors to know one another;  
I hope she will not fail you.

Chic. ——— She fail us?  
No Centinel perdu is half so alerte  
As she in these occasions.

Enter Francisca veiled peeping, as out of the portal of  
Don Julio's house.

Fran. There comes the Varlet, and I'm much deceiv'd,  
Or that's his Master lagging at a distance,  
I'll give them a go by, cover'd with my vail.

Chic. By that light as little as 'tis, 'Tis she,  
I'll to her. [She passes by them heedlessly.]

Don Zanc. ——— And I'll stand close the while,  
When you have broken the Ice, I'll take my time.  
[Chichon going to Francisca lays hold of her wail,  
and she turns about.]

Chic. What signifies a Vail to hide my Doxye?  
When every motion of a leg or wing  
Darts round perfuming, and informing Airs,  
Thou art the very Colly-flower of Women.

Fran. And thou the very Cabbage-stalk of Men,  
That never stunk to me, as does a Blab.

Chic. Curse on thee, hold thy tongue; Do'st thou not see  
Who stands against that wall.

Fran. Away, sawce-Box. [She thrusting him off goes on.  
[Don Zancho sets himself just in her way, and  
makes as if he would lie down in it.]

D. Zanc. Pass, trample on me, do, trample; But here me.

Fran. These shoo's have been my Ladies, and she'd ne're [Shewing  
her foot.  
Forgive it, should they do you so much Honour.

\* 'Tis



\* 'Tis thou hast caus'd all this. [*\* Aside turning to Chichon.*

*Chic.* — Fire on thy tongue.

*Don Zanc.* Ah! my *Francisca*, if there be no hopes  
Of pardon, nor of pity; Yet at least  
Let *Blanca* for her own sake, be so just  
As not to give me cruel death unheard:  
Do you your part at least, and do but give her  
This letter from me. [*He offers her a Letter, and she starting back.*

*Fran.* — Guarda. That's a thing  
She has forbidden, with such Menaces,  
I dare as well become another *Porcia*,  
And eat red burning coales. I had much rather  
Consent, that now she's all alone at home,  
You should transportedly rush in upon her  
As following me, so possibly you might  
Attain your end, without exposing me;  
Who in that case, know how to Act my Part  
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear  
From all supition; But I am to blame  
Thus to forget my duty, I'll stay no longer.

[*He stops her and pulling out a Purse of money, puts it  
unto her hand.*

*Don Zanc.* Spoken like an Angel.

[*Francisca offers to restore the Purse but yet  
holding it fast.*

*Fran.* This is you know superfluous with me,  
And shock's my humour; But any thing from you:  
Be sure you follow boisterously.

[*She trudges away, and goes in hastily as to Julio's house and  
Don Zanchio follows her in. Chichon stops at the door.*

*Chic.* I'll bring you no ill luck a second time;  
If for sports sake, you have projected me  
Another Somerset, from the Balcone,  
Make your account, that 'tis already done,  
Here you will find me halting in the street.

(*Exit Chichon.*  
Scene

Scene changes to Donna

Blanca's Ante Chamber.

Enter Donna Blanca at the

her Ante Chamber.

*Don. Blan.* How true it is, that Nature cheats mankind,  
And makes us think our selves the onely Tasters  
Of pure delight, and blis; when as indeed,  
Oppressing us with pains, and griefs, she makes  
Deliverance from them, pass for solid pleasure:  
Witness in me those Images of joy  
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation:  
What will it's highest satisfaction be,  
At most, but ease from what tormented me?

*Enter Francisca hastily.*

*Fran.* It now imports, you have affected Rage,  
As ready at hand as usually you have  
Anger, in earnest; But above all, be sure  
You discharge it smartly upon me, for here  
He presses at my heels.

*Enter Don Zanchó, and goes to cast himself at Donna Blanca's  
feet, and she starting back from him.*

*Don. Blan.* What in'olence is this?

— Think not *Francisca*

That I am to be fool'd; This is your work,  
You shall not stay an hour within these walls;  
By all that's good you shall not.

*Fran.* For heavens sake Madam, be not so unjust [*Whining.*  
To an old servant, always full of duty;  
But can I govern mad men, would y' have had me  
Make all the Street take notice? There he attacqued me,  
With such transportment, the whole Town had rung on't  
Had I not run away; Could I imagine  
A man so wilde as to pursue me hither  
Into your presence?

*Don. Blan.* — \* It is well *Don Zanchó* [*\* Severely and scornfully.*]  
*Blanca* may be thus used; But he that does it  
Shall find— [*She turns away as going out he holds her by the sleeve.*

*Don*

*Don Zanc.* Pardon this rudeness Madam; But a man  
Made desperate, hath nothing more to menage.  
Hither I come, to give you satisfaction,  
And if my reasons can't, my heart blood shall;  
But you must hear me, or here see me dead.

*D. Blan.* Since to be rid of him *Francisca*, I see  
I must the penance undergo of hearing him,  
Keep careful watch; to prevent accidents.

[Turning to  
Francisca.]

*Fran.* Madam, your Closet will be much more proper  
For such a Conference; For in case your Brother  
Should come, *Don Zanco* has a safe retreat  
From thence, down the back Stairs. I shall be sure  
To give you timely notice.

*Don Zanc.* And I know perfectly the passage thorough  
Th' Entry, I've come up more then once that way,  
During my happy days.

*D. Blan.* I think y<sup>e</sup> have reason, since I must have patience  
Light us in thither. [Francisca takes the Lights, and going  
(before them, Exeunt omnes.)]

Scene changes to the Pros-  
pect of Valencia.

Enter Don Julio as in the  
Portal of his own house.

*D. Jul.* The light was in the further window, therefore  
He went up this way: Now if *Fernando*  
Have not forgot to bolt the Entry Door,  
He cannot scape us sure, who ear he be.

— 'Tis the only Comfort,  
In such misfortunes, when a man hath means  
To right his Honour, without other help  
Then such a friend, as is another self;  
And that the shame seven from Domestiques hid  
Until it be revenged.

[Exit Don Julio as going  
into his own house.]

Enter Chichon as coming out of the Porch before Julio's house.

*Chic.* S'light tis *Don Julio*, that I saw go in  
My Master's like to pass his time but ill.

inf. C.

I

Tie

I'll steal in after, and observe, although  
 My courage cannot reach him, my wit may;  
 As things may possibly fall out. *[Exit Don Zanchio as stealing after]*  
*(Don Julio into his house.)*

Scene changes to Donna Blanca's Closet. *Enter Don Zanchio and Donna Blanca as in her Closet.*

D. Blan. As fine a story as may be; No Don Zanchio,  
 I Blanca Rocca, am not Carla Blanca,  
 Fit to receive what e're impresson.  
 Your Art ———

*Enter Francisca hastily.*

Fran. ——— Your Brother's in the Hall already,  
 Quick, Quick, and let him find you in your Chamber  
 Before your Glass, I have set it ready there  
 \* Whil'st he retires the way that was resolv'd. *[\*Pointing*

*(to Don Zanchio.)*

Scene changes to Donna Blanca's Bed chamber. *Francisca takes the Candle, and*  
*Exeunt she, and Donna Blanca*  
*and D. Zanchio another way.*

*Re-enter Donna Blanca and Francisca as in Blanca's*  
*chamber, and she newly seated at her Toilet, and*  
*beginning to unpin.*

*Enters Don Julio.*

Don Jul. Blanca I thought you had been a bed ear this,  
 Have you had company to entertain you,  
 And keep you up beyond your usual hour?

D. Blan. What Company can I have, you abroad,  
 As this time of the night?

D. Jul. I fain would find out some such as might please you:  
*[Ironically]* Francisca take a Candle and light me in.

To Blanca's Closet.

D. Blan. ——— Good Brother what's the matter?  
 You were not wont to be so curious  
 As thus to pry into my Privacies.

D. Jul.

D. Jul. That you shall know anon : Do as I bid you

Francisca,

*Francisca takes one of the Candles, and going before him stumbles and falling puts out the light.*

*Don Julio taking it up, lights it again at the other on the Table, and going with it himself towards Donna Blanca's Closet.*

D. Jul. These Tropes are lost on me.

[Exit.

Fran. Let him go, now we have gain'd time enough.

D. Blan. Thanks to thy timely fall,

Fran. — Persons employ'd

In such trusts, must have their wits about them ;

'Tis clear that he suspects, but know he cannot,

When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you

To play the Tyrant over him, with reproaches

For this his jealousy.

D. Blan. — Let me alone for that,

But let us follow him in, that we may mark

His whole demeanour.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Don Zanco in disorder.*

D. Zanc. Curse on't, the Entry door's bolted within,

What shall I do ?

[He paces.

—— I must seek a way

Through the Perfuming Room, into the Garden;

[Exit.

*Enter Don Julio with a Candle in his hand, and passing hastily over the Stage.*

D. Jul. He must be gone this way, there is no other,

The Entry door was bolted.

*Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, and passes over the Stage as stealing after Don Julio.*

Fran. All's safe, he takes that way, let him a God's name

Follow his Nose, to the Perfuming Room.

D. Blan. Hee'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits,

But I'll come to her succour, with a peal

I'll ring him. [Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca.



Scene changes to the Laboratory. *Hadst joy*

Here is to open a curious Scene of a Laboratory in perspective; with a Fountain in it, some Stills, many Shelves with Vessels of Porcelain, and Glasses, with Pictures above them, the Room paved with black and white Marble with a Prospect through Pillars, at the end discovering the full Moon, and by it a light perspective of Orange Trees, and towards that further end Silvia appears at a Table picking Flowers, her back turned.

Enter Don Zancho hastily, and Silvia, who is, Elvira turning about they both startle, and stand a while as if were amazed.

D. Zan: O heavens! what I see! 'Tis meer Illusion;  
Or 'tis the Devil in that Angels form,  
Come here to finish, by another hand  
The fatall work that she begun upon me  
By Don Fernando's.

Silvia Good gods! Don Zancho here! it cannot be,  
[*Quæda Elvira*] Or 'tis his Ghost come to revenge his death  
On it's occasioner; For were he alive,  
He could not but have more humanity  
Then (having been my ruine at Madrid,  
And robb'd me of my home, and honour there)  
To envy me an obscure shelter here.

Whilst they amazed step back from one another. Enter

Don Julio who seeing Don Zancho with his back towards him drawing his Sword says.

D. Jul. Think not (who ear thou art), by flying thus,  
From Room to Room, to scape my just Revenge;  
Should'st thou retire to th' Center of the Earth,  
This Sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[*Throwing down the Candle he makes towards Don Zancho, but upon his turning about towards him, he makes a little stop and says.*

D. Jul. Nay, then if it be you, I'me happy yet

In my my misfortune; since the gods thus give me  
 The means at once, and by the self same stroak,  
 To right my honour, and revenge my friend;  
 And by that action, fully to comply  
 With what the Duke requires in the behalf  
 Of wrong'd *Don Pedro*.

*Don Julio makes at Don Zanchó, he draws and they begin to fight, Silvia, that is, Elvirá crying out help, help, runs to part them, and they stop upon her interposing.*

*Entér Don Fernando hastily over the Stage, as coming from the private Apartment.*

*Don Fer.* I hear an out-cry, and clattering of Swords;  
 My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

*[Exit and re-enters at another door.*

*As Fernando comes as to the door of the Perfuming Room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.*

*Don Fer.* They are Parlying, let's hear. *(Aside.*

*[Donna Blanca and Francisca passing over the Stage.*

*D. Blan.* 'Twas *Silvia's* voice, my heart misgives me somewhat.

*Fran.* 'Tis some new accident, or some mistake,

*Don Zanchó* cannot but be safe long since.

*Don Blan.* However let us in and see.

*[Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca, and re-enter as at another door of the Perfuming Room, and make a stand as surpris'd with what they see.*

*Don Blan.* We are all undone I fear.

*Fran.* A little patience. *[Chichon stealing over the Stage.*

*Chic.* The noise is towards the Perfuming Room,  
 I know the back way to it through the Garden.

*[Exit Chichon, and re-enters at the further end of the Laboratory and stands close.*

*Don Zan.* Wit must repair the disadvantages. *(Aside*  
*I'me*

I'm under here, and save my *Blanca's* honour,  
That once secured, there will be time enough  
To save *Elvira's*.

(*Whilst this passes Elvira holds Julio by the arm, he striving to get from her.*)

*Zancho* to *Julio* Since by this Ladies interposing thus,  
You have thought fit, our Swords should pause a while,  
It may I think consist enough with Honour,  
So far to seek your satisfaction Sir,  
As to remove mistakes; Know then *Don Julio*,  
That though I have presum'd upon your house,  
I have not wrong'd your honour; It is she  
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither,  
Her I have long adored, and having got  
Intelligence, that she was here conceal'd,  
My Passion I confess transported me  
Beyond that circumspection and regard,  
Which men of quality use and ought to observe,  
Towards one another's dwellings.

*D. Jul.* Good gods what an adventure's here? Yet all (*Aside.*)  
Is well, so *Blanca's* honour be but safe.

Sir, you surprise me much, can this be true? (To *D. Zancho*)

*Blan. Francisca* heard'st thou that, Had ever man (*Aside.*)  
So ready a wit, in such an Exigent?

*Don Julio* to *Elvira* What say you Madam?

*Fran.* W're surer lost then ever, unless she (*Aside.*)  
Have wit, and heart, to take the thing upon her.

Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly. (To *Blan.*)

*Blanca* makes earnest signs.

*Silvia.* }

To *Elvira.* }

*Francisca* She looks this way; as if she comprehended  
[*Aside* to *Blanca.*] Your meaning.

*Elv.* I understand her, and I know as well  
What mischief I may draw upon my self,

(*Aside.*)

But

But let *Elvira* still do generously  
And leave the rest to fate.

— Sir, since you press me,  
My humour ne're could disavow a truth,  
*Don Zanco's* passion, and transportsments for me  
Beyond all Rules of temper, and discreffion,  
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,  
And still I see must be the cause of more.

(To *Julio*)

*Ful.* Unhappy Creature, how thou hast deceiv'd  
My prone perswasion of thy Innocence.

*Don Zanco* If that suffice not Sir, you have this ready  
[holding out his Sword.] To give you satisfaction.

*D. Fer.* Hell and Furies, but I will yet contain  
My self, and see how far my friend will drive it.

(Aside.)

— *Don Jul.* Stay *Don Zanco*,  
And answer me one question, Is this Night  
The first of your presuming thus to enter  
My house by stealth?

*Zan.* — The quere is malicious,

(Aside.)

But I must thorough, as I have begun  
[*Blanca* aside to *Francisca.*] There was a question, makes me tremble still.

*D. Zanco* No Sir, it is not I'll keep nothing from you,  
[to *Julio.*] Last Night upon the same occasion.

*Ful.* — Hold it suffices.

*Francisca* All's safe, you see, for Godfakes lets away  
[aside hastily to *Blanca.*] E're *Julio* perceive us,  
Your presence here, can serve for nothing Madam,  
But to beget new chances, and suspicions.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*]

[*Fernando rushes out drawing his sword.*]

*Fer.* Yes, it suffices *Julio* to make  
This hand strike surer then it did before.

*Elv.* Nothing was wanting to my misery,  
But his being here to over-hear; But yet  
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him

(Aside.)

A second

A second time, upon a greater error  
Then was the first.

(Don Fernando making at Don Zanch, Elvira steps between, and Julio also offers to stay him.)

*Fer.* Striving to come at Zanch.] Strive to protect your Gallant from me, do,  
Strive, but in vain; The gods themselves cannot:  
What you *Don Julio* too?

(Chichon running out from the place where he lurk't;  
strikes out both the lights with his hat.

*Chic.* I have loved to see fighting, but at present,  
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.  
Knights brandish now your blades, 'twill make fine work [Aloud.  
Among the Gallipots.

You have me by your side Sir, Let them come (As to his Master.  
They are but two to two.

Sir follow me, I'll bring you to the Door. [Aside to his Master  
and pulling him.]

*Don Zanc.* There's no dishonour in a wife Retreat  
From disadvantages to meet again  
Ones Enemy upon a fairer score.

[Chichon pushing his Master before him out of the Door.]

*Chichon* There 'tis, advance Sir, I'll make good the Rear.  
[aside to his master.] [Exeunt Don Zanch and Chichon.]

*Don Jul.* Ho, who's without? bring lights. [He stamps.

They cannot hear us,  
The Room is so remote from all the rest,  
What a confusion's this? Recall *Fernando*, (To *Fernando*.  
Your usuall temper, and let's leave this place,  
And that unhappy Maid, unto it's darknes,  
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

(Exit Don Julio groping,  
and drawing *Fernando*  
with him.)

*Elvira sola.*  
Darkness and horreur wellcome, since the gods  
Live in the dark themselves; For had they light  
Of what's done here below; They would afford

Some



Some Ray to shine on injur'd Innocence,  
 And not instead thereof, thus multiply,  
 Obscuring Clouds upon it, such as the Sun,  
 Should he with all his Beams illuminate  
 Mens understandings scarce could dissipate;  
 I now begin to pardon thee *Fernando*,  
 Since what thou hast heard, in this enchanted Place,  
 Carries conviction in't against my firmness,  
 Above the power of Nature to suspend  
 My condemnation: Unless wrong'd vertue might  
 Expect in thee, a justice so refin'd  
 As ne're was found in man to woman kind.  
 'Tis now I must confess, the lost *Elvira*,  
 Fit only for a Cloister, where secure  
 In her own spotless mind, she may defie  
 All censures; And without Impietie  
 Reproach her Fate, even to the Deitie. [Exit *grooping her way*.]

A C T. V.

*Enter Don Julio talking to himself, and at another door  
 Fernando, who perceiving it, stands close.*

*Don. Jul.* **B**Left be the gods, that yet my Honour's safe,  
 Amidst such strange perplexities, from which  
 Fortune, and wit, I think, together joyn'd  
 With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.  
 To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend;  
 What argument? What means? how to assist  
*Don Pedro* in his aims, and to comply  
 With what I owe the Duke, I see as little,  
 And less conceive, how to behave my self;  
 As ought a Gentleman towards a Lady,  
 With whose Protection he hath charg'd himself,  
 And brought her to his house on that assurance,

A second time, upon a greater errour  
Then was the first.

(Don Fernando *making at* Don Zanchó, *Elvira steps between,* and Julio also offers to stay him.

*Fer.* Strive to protect your Gallant from me, do,  
[*to come at Zanchó.*] Strive, but in vain; The gods themselves cannot:

What you *Don Julio* too?

(*Chichon running out from the place where he lurk't,*  
*strikes out both the lights with his hat.*

*Chic.* I have loved to see fighting, but at present,  
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.  
Knights brandish now your blades, 'twill make fine work [Aloud.  
Among the Gallipots.

You have me by your side Sir, Let them come (*As to his Master.*  
They are but two to two.

Sir follow me, I'll bring you to the Door. [Aside to his Master  
and pulling him.]

*Don Zanc.* There's no dishonour in a wise Retreat  
From disadvantages to meet again  
Ones Enemy upon a fairer score.

[*Chichon pushing his Master before him out of the Door.*

*Chichon* There 'tis, advance Sir, I'll make good the Rear.  
[aside to his master.] [Exeunt *Don Zanchó and Chichon.*

*Don Jul.* Ho, who's without? bring lights. [He stamps.

They cannot hear us,  
The Room is so remote from all the rest,  
What a confusion's this? Recall *Fernando*, (To *Fernando.*  
Your usuall temper, and let's leave this place,  
And that unhappy Maid, unto it's darkness,  
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

[Exit *Don Julio groping,*  
*Elvira sola.* and drawing *Fernando*  
with him.

Darkness and horror wellcome, since the gods  
Live in the dark themselves; For had they light  
Of what's done here below; They would afford

Some

Some Ray to shine on injur'd Innocence,  
 And not instead thereof, thus multiply,  
 Obscuring Clouds upon it, such as the Sun,  
 Should he with all his Beams illuminate  
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 Expect in thee, a justice so refin'd  
 As ne're was found in man to woman kind.  
 'Tis now I must confess, the lost *Elvira*,  
 Fit only for a Cloister, where secure  
 In her own spotless mind, she may despise  
 All censures; And without Impietie  
 Reproach her Fate, even to the Deitie. [Exit grooping her way.]

ACT. V.

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 What argument? What means? how to assist  
*Don Pedro* in his aims, and to comply  
 With what I owe the Duke, I see as little,  
 And less conceive, how to behave my self;  
 As ought a Gentleman towards a Lady,  
 With whose Protection he hath charg'd himself,  
 And brought her to his house on that assurance,

K

Whom

Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,  
 However she may have expos'd her own;  
 And least of all, how to repair to blame  
 The injury I have done her, whose high spirit  
 I fear will be implacable: O Heavens!  
 What a condition's mine?

*Enter Fernando.*

*He stands pausing,  
 and smiles smiling.*  
 Fernando:

*D. Fer.* Pardon dear Cousin, if to avoid one rudeness  
 I have another unawares committed;  
 Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard,  
 Yet nothing Cousin, but the self same things,  
 My thoughts have been revolving all this night,  
 Concern'd for you, much more then for my self,  
 For I upon reflexion, find I am  
 Much easier then I was; By certainty  
 Free'd from the forest weight, Perplexity.  
 In the first place, You must forgive your friend,  
 The high distemper of last Nights transportments,  
 I hope you'll find me well recover'd from them,  
 And that my morning resolutions are  
 Such, as will make amends.

*D. Ful.* Make no excuse dear friend, such provocations  
 Surprising, are above Philosophy,  
 And 'tis no small experiment of yours,  
 If after them, you can have brought your self  
 So soon, to fix a judgement what to do.

*Don Fer.* I have fix't on that, which I am sure will serve  
 All Interests but my own, as heretofore  
 I understood my happiness, but now  
 I shall no longer place it in any thing  
 Dependant on the wild Capricho of others.

— *No Fulio.*

I will be happy even in spite of fate,

By

By carrying generosity up to the height,  
*Elvira* shall her dear bliss, owe to me,  
 Not only by desisting, but by making  
 Her lov'd *Don Zanche* marry her, his refusal  
 Alone, can make me kill him o're again.

*Don Ful.* Since that unhappy Maid, withall her beauty  
 And that high Quality, hath made her self  
 Unworthy of your Marriage, certainly  
 None but *Fernando*, ever could have pitch't  
 Upon so Noble a thought, but think withal  
 What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

*D. Fer.* Say what occur's to you.

*D. Ful.* *Don Zanche* is a man of wit, and courage,  
 And though his passion out of doubt be great,  
 Since it hath made him do so wild an action,  
 As that of coming twice into my house  
 After so strange a manner; Yet *Fernando*  
 You cannot but imagine, such a One,  
 Likely to have quite different reflexions,  
 Upon *Elvira's* conduct for a wife,  
 From what 'tis has, upon it for a Mistress,  
 They are two notions very differing;  
 Besides should the proposal but appear  
 In the least kind, to spring from your desire,  
 Whose former commerce with her's not unknown,  
 It were the only way to drive him off,  
 Past all recall, I think few have accepted  
 Wives recommended to them by their Rival.

*D. Fer.* In that y<sup>e</sup> have reason I confess; But *Julio*  
 Think of the way, for marry her he must  
 Or die, and by no other hand but mine.  
 I am thinking of it, and I hope to purpose, [*Don Julio pawling.*  
 What Interposer can be found so fit  
 As *Blanca* in this business? since *Don Zanche*  
 Has long been her particular acquaintance,



And what can be more Natural, then for her  
To take to heart, *Elvira's* chief concernment  
Whom he finds here retired in her misfortune  
As to her surest friends.

*D. Fer.* Y'hav' lighred Cousin on the only way,  
And lose no time I beg you.

*D. Jul.* The least that may be, but you must consider  
In what a predicament I am likely  
To be with *Blanca*, at present.

*D. Fer.* I understand you (since the jealousy  
You exprest of her,) But 'tis to be hoped  
The peace will not be long a making.

*D. Jul.* You little know her spirit, once inflamed,  
But as I'll lose no time, so I'll omit  
No Art to bring her to a temper, fit  
To hear and to advance the Proposition.

*D. Fer.* Heaven give you good success.

(\* *Julio turning back to Fernando.*

*D. Jul.* \* I had forgot to tell you, that I think  
It will be necessary, that as soon  
As I have weather'd *Blanca's* storm, I make  
A visit to *Don Pedro*, to prevent  
His coming hither, to disorder us,  
Before we have set things Right.

*D. Fer.* 'Twas not ill thought on; And till your return  
I shall keep close in your Apartment;  
For *Blanca* has not seen me, and *Elvira*  
Has too great cares upon her to be curious.

(*Exeunt.*

*Enter Blanca and Francisca, Blanca with a gay air.*

*As in her Ante-Chamber.*

*D. Blan.* Say my *Francisca*, can Romances equal  
Our last night's adventure? was there ever  
Such a come off? Our Sex has used to boast  
Presence of mind in Exigents of Love,  
But I believe none of us ever match't

*Don*

*Don Zanco's* readiness in an occasion  
So sudden and so Critical.

*Fran.* Ever give me the man of ready Parts.

*D. Blan.* But prithy, whil'st we give *Don Zanco* his dues,  
Let us be just too, to poor *Silvia's* merit;  
Was ever any thing so generous?  
Or so obliging to a Mistress?

*Fran.* So it appears Madam, I must confess,  
But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

*Don. Blan.* Fye, leave this humour of detracting still,  
And call her to me, that I may embrace  
And thank her; That done consider how  
To bring her off, who has brought us off so well. (*Offers to go out.*)

(*Enter Don Julio.*)

*Fran.* Stay I beseech you, and compose your self  
To act a part quite of another Nature;  
Here comes *Don Julio*, towards whom I hope  
You'll tune your self, to a far differing Key  
From that of thanks and kindness.

*Don Blan.* Let me alone for that, I'll play the Dragon.

*As Julio advances, Blanca turns from him  
with a furious countenance, and flies out  
of the Room, Julio following her.*

*D. Jul.* Dear Sister stay, and hear me.

*D. Blan.* Detested Brother leave me.

(*She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.*)

*D. Jul.* Hear me but *Blanca*, and then vent your passion  
Against a Brother, that condemns himself  
As much as you can do; But hear me speak.

*D. Blan.* Your actions *Julio*, have spoke loud enough  
To Eccho through the world, your shame and mine;  
Has all the tenour of my life been such,  
With such exactness, of unblemish'd conduct,

That malice might have stain'd the noon day Sun  
 More easily, then tarnish't *Blanca's* honour;  
 And must that Honour, now be prostitute,  
 By the Capricho of an unworthy Brother,  
 Should any other have invaded it,  
 Had not you righted her, She has a heart  
 Would have found ways to right her self; But you  
 Th' Aggressor, What remedy but Rage?

[*She flings from him, and Exit.*

*Fran.* She acts it rarely.

[*Aside.*

*D. Ful.* Was ever man so unfortunate as I? [To *Francisca*.  
 I must confess she has reason, and the sense  
 She thus expresses of my fault, becomes her,  
 But it must be your work, my dear *Francisca*,  
 To pacifie; When once you shall but know  
 All that has past these Nights, I am certain  
 You'll say, no humane confidence could ear  
 Be proof against such circumstances.

*Fran.* Alas, my offices can signifie [As if she were crying.  
 But little. But I'm sure the occasion  
 Gives me a sad heart, O my dear Lady.

*D. Ful.* I love good Nature, but I prithy leave  
 And come in with me, that I may tell thee all. [Exeunt.

*Enter Don Pedro, and Fulvio as in his lodging.*

*Don Ped.* A God's name *Fulvio*, what has been thy meaning,  
 To make me sit up almost all last night  
 Expecting thee, when such impatience held me?  
 Thou wert not wont to be so negligent  
 In things of so great weight.

*Fulv.* Nor have I been it now, 'Tis over care  
 Of your commands, hath held me so long from you;  
 You know, the orders that you gave me Sir,  
 To watch *Don Zancho's* motions; Accordingly,  
 I sate all day in my observing place  
 Till about twilight, I saw him and's man

Steal

Steal as it were abroad; I as warily,  
Dogg'd them from Street to Street, till Sir, at length  
He made a stand up close against a Wall,  
Whilst that his Servant entertain'd a Woman  
Close Vail'd, who was come out I think on purpose  
From an adjacent house; soon after he  
Accosted her himself, their Conference  
Lasted but little, she made hast away  
To th'house from whence she came, and he as much  
To follow her in.

*Don Ped.* Where wast? and why cam'st thou not presently?  
To give me notice as you were directed.

*Fulv.* At that you will not wonder, when you know  
Whose house he enter'd; But at this you'l wonder,  
It was *Don Julio's*

*D. Pedro* *startling.*] Ha! *Don Julio's* say'st thou? [*He pauses.*  
But now I think on't 'tis no marvel *Fulvio*,  
Since newly come to Town, For I remember  
*Don Julio* told me, that *Don Zancho* and he  
Had always lived in friendly correspondence.

*Fulv.* Visits Sir, only of fair civility  
After long absence, are not usually  
Begun by twilight, in such cautious manner;  
Nor usher'd in, by Female vail'd conducters:  
But pray Sir, hear the rest.

(\* To *Fulvio*.)

*D. Ped.* What can this be? \* say on then quickly, (*Aside.*)

*Ful.* I presently concluded with my self,  
That since *Don Julio* was the friend on whose  
Assistance you relyed against *Don Zancho*,  
You near would think Sir, attacking him  
As he came out from thence, I judg'd it therefore  
My wisest course to stay, and mark the issue.  
And stay I did, till it was after midnight,  
About which time, walking from side to side,  
That I might see both Issu's of the house,

It being as light almost as day, I saw  
The Gallant and his man leap from the wall  
Of *Julio's* Garden, and from thence in haste  
Make home. *(Julio's)*

*D. Ped.* S'death man thou dream'st ! *Don Zancho* from *Don*  
In that manner ; Awake fool and speak sense.

*Fulv.* I say but what I saw, as I see you.

*D. Ped.* O the Devil, What the same Villain  
Found the affront of my friend too, here  
In the same kind ? Give me my Cloak and Sword,  
I must know the bottom of this.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Blanca and Francisca, as in her Ante-Chamber.*

*D. Blan.* I come from seeing and caressing *Silvia*,  
But with most strange surprise, at her Comportment  
Towards me.

*Fran.* How ! Madam.

*D. Blan.* My words, and Actions both, expressing to her  
Not only highest gratitude and kindness,  
But a solicitude in the concerns  
Of her honor, equal to what she had shown  
In mine ; They were receiv'd with such a coldness,  
With such an air of Melancholly pride,  
With half replys, and those not half to th' purpose,  
As make me with amazement to conclude,  
That either she has lost her understanding,  
Or that there's somewhat in't we understand not.

*Fran.* She's a Maid of an odd composition ;  
And besides that, I needs must tell you Madam,  
That having had my observation freer,  
Then you perhaps during last nights adventure,  
I remark'd somewhat both in her demeanour,  
And in *Don Zancho's*, makes me confident  
They met not there strangers to one another,  
As you imagine ; But there's time enough  
To think and talk of that ; What presses now



Is your right ordering of *Don Fullo*.  
You have begun, as well as can be wish't.

*D. Blan.* Say did I not do my part?

(*Folly.*)

*Fran.* ——— Beyond imagination,  
But take heed now, of over doing it,  
'Tis time to tack about, to reconciliation.  
And thought of drawing those advantages  
From the Embroilment, as may for the future  
Secure you from like accidents.

*D. Blan.* ——— You say well, but how?

*Fran.* The first step must attonement be between you,  
Of which he hath so earnestly conjured me  
To be an Instrument, that you consenting  
To give him a hearing, through my mediation,  
I am made for ever, an settled in the power  
Of serving you, by better cozenning him:  
Besides he tell's me, he hath that to say,  
And to propose unt'ee, as shall not only  
Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger  
Of prejudicial rumors, which might rise  
From last night's accident.

*D. Blan.* ——— Agreed, let's in  
And play the second part.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Don Zanchio and Chichon as in his own house.*

*D. Zan.* Were we not born with Cauls upon our heads (*Folly.*)  
Think'st thou *Chichon*? to come off twice a row  
Thus rarely, from such dangerous Adventures.

*Chich.* Rather I think with Combs, so oft to venture.

*D. Zan.* Thou Coxcomb say, had I not my wits about me?

*Chich.* 'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that,  
You know I love not to talk seriously;  
But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfi'd  
To have come off so, is there no qualm remaining  
Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i'th' suds  
A poor distressed Virgin, who she is

L

I neither

I neither know nor care, but I am sure  
 Had generous *Chichon*, to save his life  
 Play'd a sweet Innocent Lady such a trick,  
 He would have past but for a Recreant Knight,  
 And much the more, she having shewn her self  
 So gallant, as to save her Ladies honour  
 T' expose her own : Say true *Don Galor*, say,  
 Were your part found in a Romance or Play,  
 Whose Character would it not disluster ?

*D. Zanc.* How soon a fool's bolt's shot, without distinction  
 Of what's the mark. Thou censur'st without knowing  
 Who th' exposed Lady is. Know then *Chichon*  
 And wonder, 'tis *Elvira*, that *Elvira*  
 For whom I sigh'd, like to have sigh'd my last  
 On her score at *Madrid* : *Don Pedro's* Daughter.

*Chich.* You raise enchanted Castles in the Air,  
 But were it as you say, that makes the thing  
 More inexcusable ; You had been too blame  
 To have us'd a stranger so ; But so t' have serv'd  
 A Lady whom you had once profess'd to love,  
 Raises the fault above all heightning.

*D. Zanc.* Nay, then I see I must once play the fool,  
 In answering a fool seriously,  
 The things thou say'st are heightnings indeed,  
 Not of my fault, but merit in the Action  
 Towards my *Blanca*, since to save her honour,  
 I did not only sacrifice *Elvira's*,  
 But thus expose mine own : Time may recover  
*Elvira's* fame, and mine this quickly shall.

(Clapping his hand on his Sword.)

Here take this letter, and employ your wit  
 In finding out the means with secrecy  
 To give it *Don Fernando* unobserv'd,  
 I shall not stir from home, till I have his answer.

*Chic.* You found him Sir, a man of quick dispatch

In your last business with him at *Madrid*. [*Exit* Don Zancho.  
How honorable 'tis to serve a *Don*.

What *Petit Basque* on t'other side the Mountains,  
Durst have aspired to the high dignity  
Of carrying a *Cartal*? A *Monsieur*

Would sooner have put up a twinge by the Nose,  
Then sent a challenge by a serving man.

[*Exit*.

*Enter Blanca furiously, and running to a Cabinet, takes  
out thence a Stiletto, and Francisca earnestly after  
her as in Blanca's Closet.*

*Don. Blan.* Villains shall find, I am not unprovided  
Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

*Fran.* I thought the strange constraint upon her self (*Aside*.  
Wherewith she heard her Brother, would serve in the end  
But to make rage, break out with greater fury;  
Yet it is well she kept it in so long,  
As to get rid of him.

Good Madam, moderate your self a little. (*To Blanca*.

*D. Blan.* Preach temper to the damned souls in hell,  
That they may teach the Traitor moderation,  
When I have sent him thither with his Devil.

*Fran.* I do confess the provocation such,  
As more than justifies all these transportments;  
And therefore I beseech you think not, Madam,  
In what I say, I can the least aim have  
Of saving him; from the extreamest fury  
Of your resentment; or preserving her,  
Who has had the impudence to abuse you so  
Under pretence of serving. May they perish,  
But let it be in such away, as may not  
Draw a more dismal ruine on your self;  
Let swift destruction seize them; Yet let not  
Madam your hand, but head dispence their fate,  
What can the Issue be, of such an action  
As that of which I see that shining steel

And flaming Eyes of yours? The threatening Comets, that you  
I beg but the reflexion of a moment.

*Blanca walking upon the Stage with enraged gestures  
pawfes, at length sheathing, and putting her  
Siletto in her sleeve with a sober composed tone.*

*Don. Blan.* \* *Francisca* I thank you, for recalling me  
Thus to my self, I will be temperate;  
But it shall be to make revenge the surer.

*Fran.* Her tone, nor gestures cannot cozen me, [Aside.  
They both seem to disguise a black design,  
But I shall watch you, 'tis a half gain'd cause  
In furie's course, to have begot a pause.

*D. Blan.* Do what I bid you presently *Francisca*,  
Send to *Don Zanco*, and let him know from me,  
I earnestly desire to speak with him.

*Fran.* Lord Madam, what d'ee mean?

*D. Blan.* To make the pleasing proposition to him,  
As I told my Brother I would.

— Say, am I not moderate?  
But do without reply, what I command.

*Fran.* Madam, I shall obey.

— But observe you so withall, [Aside.  
As to prevent the mischief if I can, [Exit *Francisca*.

*D. Blan.* Ye Gods assist me in my just revenge,  
Or you will make an Athist; My first work  
Must be before *Don Zanco* come to speak  
With his sweet Mistress, and with words and looks  
As false as her's have been, so to delude her  
With hopes of what she wishes, that they both  
May joyntly fall my Honour's sacrifice. [Exit]

*Enter Don Fernando as in Don Julio's private Apartment.*

*D. Fer.* Since generosity hath so far got  
The mastery, as to have made me fix  
Upon a resolution so unheard of,  
I long to see it executed.

— But

But stay,  
I think, I hear *Elvira's* voice without,  
And *Blanca's* too, here curiosity [He makes as if he harkn'd,  
To over here, is pardonable. (and then

[Exit as to go where he may better hear.

*Silvia* }

Enter *Elvira* } and *Blanca* as in the Ante-  
Chamber, and *Fernando* peeping as from  
behind a door.

*D. Fer.* Here, not a word can I escape me.

*Silvia* }

*Elvira* } Madam you wrong my zeal, in serving you,  
Whil'ft you attribute to any other motive  
My yesterdays behaviour.

*D. Blan.* \* Such niceties *Elvira* are out of season,

[ \* In a tone that may shew what she says to b'forc't.

I seek your satisfaction in a Love,  
Wherein it seems you have been long engaged.

*Donna Elvira* looking round, and *Fernando* starting back.

*D. Fer.* I hope she did not see me. [Aside.

*D. Elv.* My satisfaction say you, in my Love,  
Of whom for heaven's sake? If you mean *Don Zanco*,  
Y'are very far from guessing at my thoughts.

*D. Fer.* By heaven's has seen me, and plays the Devil still. [Aside.

*D. Elv.* By all that's good, I am far from loving him,  
\* I say not worse because I know she loves him. [ \* Aside.

*D. Fer.* Ah *Elvira*! this is too much, yet not enough  
To change in me, a Noble resolution.

[A noise is heard as of people coming up stairs.-

*D. Blan.* I hear some coming up stairs, should it be (Aside.

*Don Zanco*, I am not yet ready for him,

\* I see we are likely to be interrupted here [ \* To *Elvira*:  
*Elvira*, we shall be better in my Closet. (Exit *Blanca*.

*D. Elv.* Madam, I'll follow you.

What can she mean? since that she needs must think,

I know



I know the passion she her self has for him.

*Elvira having stay'd a while behind, as she is going to follow Blanca. Enter her Father Don Pedro, and Fulvio, she starts and stands confounded; He seeing her draws out his Dagger and makes at her.*

*D. Ped.* Vile stainer of my blood, have I here found thee?

*Elvira perceiving the door a little open where Don Fernando is, flies thither and gets in.*

*D. Fer.* This makes it clear she saw me. [*Aside as Elvira thrusts in.*

*Don Pedro seizes the door before it be quite shut, and they struggle, he to pull it open, and Don Fernando to shut it, who after some contest, Don Fernando gets it close, and bolts it within: Don Pedro as an enraged person pulls and bounces at the door.*

*D. Ped.* In vain should Mountains interpose, between  
Her and her punishment, [*He bounces still as to break down the door.*

*Enter Donna Blanca.*

*D. Blan.* What Bedlam have we here? and where's *Elvira*?

*D. Ped.* You have one here, will know how to revenge  
Conspiracies to affront him; And you Lady  
Who ere you are, that seem to take upon you,  
Y'had best produce the wicked thing you have named,  
Or by this Steel ——— [*Donna Blanca cries out.*

*Don. Blan.* Ho! brother, brother, help against a madman,  
*Enter Don Julio.*

*D. Jul.* Peace, *Blanca*, peace, you know not what you say,  
*Don Pedro* is Master here.

*D. Blan.* I know not your *Don Pedro*, but I'm sure  
One to be tyde in Chains, could do no more  
Then he has done.

*D. Jul.* Have patience Sister; 'Tis *Elvira's* Father,  
With cares enough upon him to justify  
Any distemper.

*Blan.* ——— Precious *Elvira's* Father  
Nay, then I leave you. [*Blanca flings out of the Room.*

*Ful.*

*Ful.* O the unluckiness of his coming  
So unseasonably; 'Twas to prevent that,  
I went abroad to seek him.

(*Aside.*)

*D. Ped.* What's this *Don Fulio*? can a Gentleman  
Of Blood, and Honour, use another thus?  
What after such engagements to the Duke,  
And to my self, to be my friend and helper,  
To prove the shelterer of my shame's chief Authour;  
I do not wonder now, *Don Zanche* himself,  
Should have been here at midnight.

*D. Ful.* I am hard put to't, help wit to bring us off. [*Aside.*  
\* Be as distemper'd as you please *Don Pedro*, [*\* To him.*  
It shall not alter me. But yet me-thinks  
It would not ill become your gravity,  
To think a while, before you make a judgement,  
And rashly frame injurious conclusions,  
From things wherein a friend has merited from you:  
Do but consider, and then say, what *Fulio*  
Could do of more advance to what you wish,  
Then having found your Daughter, to have brought her  
To his own house, where she might be with honour  
Accompanied, and serv'd as such, by *Blanca*,  
Until such time, as things maturely weigh'd,  
You should a final resolution take.  
And since *Don Zanche*'s being here last night,  
I see's no secret r'ee, me-thinks you ought  
T' have been so just to me, as to believe  
That since I admitted him within these walls,  
It was in order to the serving you.

*D. Ped.* Noble *Don Fulio*, you must pity have  
Of an old man's distemper in affliction,  
I see I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.

*D. Ful.* O this is more then needs, and now good Sir,  
If you'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two  
I'th' Garden, I'll there give you a full account,

How

How I have laid things for your satisfaction.

*D. Ped.* I'll wait on you.

*D. Ful.* ——— Gó Sir, there lies your way: (\*Turning

\* And you boy fail not when *Don Zanchó* comes. (to the Page.

To give me notice of it in the Garden. [Exit.

*Enter Don Zanchó and passes over the Stage with Chichón after him, and Enter Francisca, and pulling Chichón says him.*

*Fran.* Stay, stay, *Chichón*, a word w'e, it imports. [She whispers

*Chic.* I hope you are not in earnest. (with him.

*Fran.* ——— By my soul I am;

There is no other way, but for us both

To get up the back way, and there to watch

The time to interpose.

*Chic.* Can she be such a Fury? her looks are  
All milk and honey.

*Fran.* You cannot fancy any thing so Tragique,

But she is capable of executing,

When once provok'd in point of Love and Honour,

Beyond her bounds of temper.

*Chic.* ——— Lead the way. [\* Aside

\* I'll have the pleasure to hold up the fright

She's in, since I am sure there is no danger,

Knowing as I do my Master's mind towards *Blanca*;

Besides 'tis to be hoped, that these disorders

May produce somewhat that may put an end

To my Masters Quarrel, or afford me means

To give *Fernando* his Letter. [Exeunt.

*Enter D. Fer. Elvira lying upon the Couch in the private A-*

*D. Fer.* This last dissimulation moves me more (partment.

Then all the rest, but yet it must not alter

What honour hath inspired, see how she lies

And how scarce brought to life from her dismay,

She resumes scorn, to have been say'd by me;

But multiply what injuries thou wilt,

Perfidious Maid, thou shall't not disappoint

*Fernando* of the glory that he aims at,  
Of making thy proud heart *Elvira*, owe  
It's happiness to him.

—— But I hear again  
A noise without

[He peeps.

—— 'Tis *Don Zanche*,  
And I see *Blanca* coming towards him;  
This falls out luckily, that I may hear  
What passes, for certainly their meeting  
Avowedly thus, can be no other Subject,  
• But what *Don Julio* has propos'd to *Blanca*. [Exit as to go barken.

*Enter Don Julio and Don Pedro as in the Garden.*

*D. Jul.* That's all the remedy, that in these cases  
The wisest can propose unto themselves,  
His fortune's strait 'tis true.

*D. Ped.* That's what I least regard, in this occasion,  
So honour be but safe, the less they have,  
The more will be her pennance for her folly;  
But should *Don Zanche* upon any Umbrage,  
From what has past between them, prove so Insolent  
As to reject the marriage, Then I trust —

*Ful.* O say no more of that, Rely upon't,  
Should he be guilty of that horrid Outrage,  
This Sword should pierce his heart, tho' th' only friend  
I have i' th' world, should interpose his own;  
And Sir, to let you see my franck proceeding,  
Come along with me, I'll bring you to a place  
Where joyntly over hearing all that passes  
'Twixt him and *Blanca*, should he play the Villain,  
His life may pay for't, ear he stir from thence.

*D. Ped.* May heaven repay such generous acts of friendship. *Exeunt*

*Enter Don Zanche, and Fernando appears as behind the door.*

*D. Zanc.* For her so suddenly, and so avow'dly  
To send for me hither, is very strange,  
What can it mean?

M

Enter

How I have laid things for your satisfaction. *[Exit Don Fernando.]*

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To send for me hither, is very strange,  
What can it mean?

M

Enter

*Enter Blanca.*

*D. Blan.* Now lend me temper heaven, but for a moment, [*Aside*  
Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce  
The sentence of his own too noble death  
For such a Traytor.

\* I think you come not without some surprize [*\* To him with an*  
*Don Zanco*, at my sending for you so, (*affected cheerfulness.*  
But let's sit down for I have much to say t'ee.

*She takes him by the hand, and seats him in one Chair,  
and she sets her self in the other close to him on his  
right hand, and fumbles in her sleeve.*

*D. Blan.* I'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark. [*Aside.*

*D. Zanc.* Good Madam, what's the matter for I see  
Disorder in you, put me out of pain.

*D. Blan.* That I shall quickly do.

—— Know then *Don Zanco*,  
In the first place, you must not interrupt me,  
What ever you shall hear; I'll take it ill else  
When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure,  
I come not to argue, but conclude.

*D. Zanc.* Your will's a Law to me,

—— \* But whether tend's all this?

[*\* Aside.*

*D. Blan.* I do for once, allow you to remember,  
All that has past between us,  
The folly of my Love, The falshood of yours;  
That done, And never to be thought on more.

*D. Zanc.* For heavens sake Madam ——

*D. Blan.* —— Break not the Rule was set,  
Know I instructed am in all your story,  
And am so far grown Mistress of my self,  
That I who th'other day, could scarce o're come  
The sense of a slight failour at *Madrid*,  
Can here at home suffer Indignities:  
And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dness,  
Be you *Elvira's*, and *Elvira* yours,

I come

I come to do a part you little look't for  
From *Blanca's* spirit, I must make the marriage;  
All things are ready, and her Father here,  
Now you may speak *Don Zanco*, but the thing  
Admits of no delay.

*D. Zanc.* \*But can this be in earnest? sure it cannot; [\**Pausing*  
What need these trials of so firm a faith? (*a while.*)

*D. Blan.* Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks,  
It is not in the power of fate to alter  
The resolutions taken.

(*Don Zanco pauses.*  
*Aside.*)

*D. Fer.* — She has put it home.

*D. Zan.* Madam, you use me hardly, this demeanour  
Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs;  
You say it is not in the power of fate,  
To change your resolutions; but I'm sure  
If they be such, 'twill less be in it's power  
To alter mine; but yet before I die  
You must be left without excuse, by knowing  
The truth of all.

*D. Fer.* Here it imports indeed to be attentive.

(*Aside.*)

*D. Zanc.* Madam, 'tis true, that absent at *Madrid*,  
The custom of the Court, and Vanity,  
Embarqued me lightly in a Gallantry,  
With the most famed of beauties there *Elvira*;  
Those, and no other, the true Motives were,  
To all my first addresses, till her scorns  
Which should have stop't them, had engag'd me more  
And made a Love in jest, a point of honour:  
I bore all her disdain, without transportment,  
Till having gain'd her waiting Woman's kindness,  
I learn't from her, that all *Elvira's* lightings  
She would have thought, had sprung from severe Maxims,  
And preciousness of humour, were the effects  
Of deep engagement in another Love,  
With a young Gallant *Don Fernando Solis*,

M 2

With

With whom the cruel Dame, was so far gone;  
As to admit him almost every night  
Into her Chamber.

*D. Fer.* — Blest gods what do I hear?

(*Aside.*)

*D. Zancho* I scarce believing the thing possible,

[*Continuing.*] Urged my Intelligencer, to do for me

That which her Lady for another did,

And to admit me to her Chamber, where

By being Eye witness of her Lady's actions,

I might transfer my entire love to her self.

She granted my request, and late one Night

Somewhat before the Gallant's usual hour,

She brought me a back way up into her Chamber,

Within *Elvira's*; my stay had not been long,

When having found the truth of what she had told me,

Converting rage into appearing kindness

To my informer, and expressing it

Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,

With which *Elvira* alarm'd, and coming in,

Followed by *Don Fernando*; That fell out,

Which you have heard before.

*Don Julio beckning Don Pedro after him, passing over a corner of the Stage.*

*D. Jul.* By this time, I suppose, she will have made  
The proposition to the full, and we  
Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Don Julio.*]

*Don Zancho* If since that hour, I have ever seen

[*Continuing.*] Or thought upon her, till last night's surprise,

May I for ever perish; And me thinks

The use I made of that, to your advantage,

Might challenge from you, a more just construction.

*Don. Blan.* I told you at first, I came not here to argue

But

But to conclude ; say, will you marry her ?

*Don Julio and Don Pedro peep out as  
from behind the hanging.*

*Don Jul.* W'are come you see, just as we could have wish't.

*Don Ped.* His fate hangs on his Lips.

[ *To Blanca.*

*Don Zanc.* You are Mistress of your words, and actions Madam,  
And may use me as you please ; But this hand  
Shall sooner pierce this heart, then ere be given  
In marriage to *Elvira*.

*Don Pedro and Don Julio rush in with  
their swords and daggers drawn, and  
Don Zanchio draws too.*

*D. Ped.* Then Villain die, heaven is too weak to save thee  
By any other means.

( *Fernando draws and rushing out.*

*Don Fer.* ——— But here is one that shall,  
Or fall by his side.

*D. Ped.* ——— O heaven's ! what's this ?

*Don Fernando Solis* protecting him,

Nay, then the whole world conspires against my Honour.

*Don. Blan.* For heavens sake Gentlemen ! ( *Donna Blanca  
(runs in between.*

*Chic.* Now by my Grandam's Pantable 'tis pritty, ( *From behind.*  
I'll brush their Coats if once it come to fighting,  
*Fernando's* of our side.

*Francisca and Chichon with a long Broom run  
out also from behind the hanging.*

*Don Jul.* What frensie's this *Fernando* ? was't not you  
Engaged me to effect the Marriage ? sure w'are all  
Bewitch't.

*D. Fer.*



*D. Fer.* — Stay my *Don Julio*, stay,  
 And let *Don Pedro* have patience but to hear me ;  
 'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds  
 Those are quite changed, by my having over heard  
 All that hath past ; For my *Elvira*, *Julio*,  
 Proves spotless in her faith, as in her Beauty,  
 And I the only guilty, to have doubted :  
 What have I then to do, but here to prostrate  
 My self at her offended Father's feet,  
 And beg his pardon? That obtain'd, t' implore  
 His help, to gain me hers, as to a person  
 In whom respect for him, hath always held  
 Proportion with my passion for his Daughter.

*D. Ped.* You know *Don Julio*, when I spake with you,  
 The terms of estimation, and respect  
 Wherewith I mention'd t'ee this Gentleman,  
 And therefore since in his adrefs t' *Elvira*  
 There was no other fault, but making it  
 Unknown to me ; And that I see his thoughts  
 Are truly Noble ; Honour thus engaged,  
 That ought to be forgot, and I to think  
 My self most happy, in such a Son-in-law :  
 But where's *Elvira*?

*D. Fer.* She's there within, where I dare not appear  
 Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me,  
 If *Blanca* would employ her Interest  
 And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail  
 To get her hither, when she shall have told her  
 What changes a few minutes time hath wrought.

*D. Blan.* I never went on a more pleasing Arrant.

( *Exit Don Blanca and Francisca.* )

*Fran.* \* I am struck dumb with wonder.

( \* *As she goes out.* )

*D. Fer.* Now *Blanca* is away, I'll take this time  
 To spare her blushes *Julio*, and tell you

Though

Though I have broak one marriage for *Don Zanco*,  
You needs must give me leave to make another,  
To which unless I'me very much deceiv'd,  
You'll find on neither part repugnancy.

*D. Ful.* I understand you, and I thank the gods  
They did not make me understand the wrong,  
Till they have made it none, since I observe  
*Don Zanco's* looks joyning in your desires.

*D. Zanc.* A heart so full of love as mine for *Blanca*,  
Does best expres it self, when it speaks least.

*Enter Donna Blanca, Donna Elvira  
and Francisca.*

*(Elvira casts her self at her Fathers feet.)*

*D. Elv.* Now that the justice of the gods, at length  
Hath cleer'd me from suspicions, derogatory  
To th'honour of your blood, I hope a Cloister  
May expiate my fault as to a Father.

*(Raising her.)*

*D. Ped.* Rise Child, The Inclosure I condemn you to  
Is *Don Fernando's* Arms, give him your hand.

*D. Elv.* 'Tis yours Sir, to dispose of I confess,  
And if it be your will, I must submit;  
But let him know, who could suspect *Elvira*,  
She never could be his, but by obedience.

*D. Fer.* I am Thunder struck.

*(Elvira giving him her hand.)*

*D. Elv.* — Be not dismay'd *Fernando*.  
Since I profess this a meer act of duty,  
Another duty may *Elvira* move,  
To re-inflame on better grounds her Love.

*D. Ful.* *Blanca* I fear you'll hardly be perswaded  
[Ironically.] To give yours to *Don Zanco*; But a Brother.

Hor

For once may play the Tyrant; Give it him,  
It must be so.

*(They joyn hands.)*

*D. Fer.* I now renounce old Maxims, having you  
*Elvira*, I am sure, The very best proves true.

*Chic.* Hold there, I beg you Sir, That will appear  
By that time you have Married been a Year,

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**F I N I S.**

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